

BELL'S EDITION.
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE FROM
CHAUCER to CHURCHILL.



KING VOL. II.

*They cannot boil nor wash nor rinse they say
 With Water sometimes Ink and sometimes Whay.*
Fishman sat.



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
DR. WILLIAM KING.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

I sing the various chances of the world,
Thro' which men are by Fate or Fortune hurl'd.
'Tis by no scheme or method that I go,
But paint in verse my notions as they flow;
With heat the wanton images pursue,
Fond of the old, yet still creating new;
Fancy myself in some secure retreat,
Resolve to be content, and so be great.

KING.

VOL. II.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1781.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
DR. WILLIAM KING.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

THESE VOLUMES ARE THE PROPERTY OF
THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE
AND ARE NOT TO BE
REPRODUCED OR
COPIED IN ANY MANNER
WITHOUT THE PERMISSION
OF THE VICE-CHANCELLOR
OF THE UNIVERSITY
OF CAMBRIDGE

VOL. II.

BRITISH



EDINBURGH

AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM

MUSEUM

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
DR. WILLIAM KING.
VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES,

EPISTLES,

SONGS,

EPIGRAMS,

IMITATIONS,

TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

Read here in softest sounds the sweetest satire;
A pen dipt deep in gall, a heart good nature.
An English Ovid, from his birth he seems
Inspir'd alike With strong poetick dreams:
The Roman rants of heroes, gods, and Jove;
The Briton purely paints The Art of Love.

ANONYM.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1781.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
DR. WILLIAM KING.
VOL. II.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANEOUS
SERMONS
TRANSLATIONS
EPIGRAMS

THESE WORKS WERE FIRST PRINTED IN 1704, AND WERE
REPRINTED IN 1710, 1720, 1730, 1740, 1750, 1760, 1770,
1780, 1790, 1800, 1810, 1820, 1830, 1840, 1850, 1860,
1870, 1880, 1890, 1900, 1910, 1920, 1930, 1940, 1950,
1960, 1970, 1980, 1990, 2000.



THE FRUMENTARY.

PREFACE.

THE Author of the following Poem may be thought to write for fame and the applause of the Town, but he wholly disowns it, for he writes only for the public good, the benefit of his country, and the manufacture of England. It is well known that grave senators have often at the Palace yard refreshed themselves with barley broth in a morning, which has had a very solid influence on their counsels; it is therefore hoped that other persons may use it with the like success. No man can be ignorant how of late years coffee and tea in a morning has prevailed; nay, cold waters have obtained their commendation; and wells are sprung up from Acton to Islington, and cross the water to Lambeth. These liquors have several eminent champions of all professions; but there have not been wanting persons in all ages that have shewn a true love for their country and the proper diet of it, as watergruel, milkporridge, ricemilk, and especially Frumenty, both with plums and without. To this end several worthy persons have encouraged the eating such wholesome diet in a morning; and that the poor may be provided, they have desired several matrons to

* Written to please a gentleman who thought nothing smooth or lofty could be written upon a mean subject, but had no intent of making any reflection upon The Dispensary, which has deservedly gained a lasting reputation. *King.*

stand at Smithfield-bars, Leadenhall-market, Stockf-market, and divers other noted places in the City, especially at Fleet-ditch, there to dispense Frumenty to labouring people and the poor at reasonable rates, at three halfpence and twopence a dish, which is not dear, the plums being considered.

The places are generally styled Frumentaries, because that food has got the general esteem; but that at Fleet-ditch I take to be one of the most remarkable, and therefore I have styled it The Frumentary; and could easily have had a certificate of the usefulness of this Frumentary signed by several eminent carmen, gardeners, journeymen tailors, and basketwomen, who have promised to contribute to the maintenance of the same in case the coffeehouses should proceed to oppose it.

I have thought this a very proper subject for an heroic poem, and endeavoured to be as smooth in my verse and as inoffensive in my characters as was possible. It is my case, with Lucretius, that I write upon a subject not treated of by the Ancients: but the greater labour the greater glory.

Virgil had a Homer to imitate; but I stand upon my own legs, without any support from abroad. I therefore shall have more occasion for the reader's favour, who from the kind acceptance of this may expect the description of other Frumentaries about this City from his most humble servant,

AND PER SE AND.

THE FRUMENTARY,

A VERY INNOCENT AND HARMLESS POEM,

IN THREE CANTOS.

First printed in 1699.

CANTO I.

No sooner did the gray-ey'd Morning peep,
And yawning mortals stretch themselves from sleep;
Finders of gold were now but newly past,
And basketwomen did to market haste;
The watchmen were but just returning home
To give the thieves more liberty to roam,
When from a hill by growing beams of light
A stately pile was offer'd to the sight;
Three spacious doors let passengers go thro',
And distant stones did terminate their view.
Just here, as ancient poets sing, there stood
The noble palace of the valiant Lud;
His image now appears in Portland stone,
Each side supported by a godlike son*;

* As Dr. King's description of Ludgate, though familiar to the present age, will be less intelligible to the rising generation, it may not be improper to observe that its name, which Geoffry of Monmouth has ascribed to King Lud, was with greater propriety derived from its situation near the rivulet

But underneath all the three heroes shine
 In living colours drawn upon a sign
 Which shews the way to ale but not to wine.

15 }
 }

Near is a place enclos'd with iron bars
 Where many mortals curse their cruel stars
 When brought by usurers into distress,
 For having little, still must live on less:
 Stern Av'rice there keeps the relentless door,

20

And bids each wretch eternally be poor :
 Hence Hunger rises, dismally he stalks,
 And takes each single pris'ner in his walks :

25

This duty done, the meagre monster stares,
 Holds up his bones, and thus begins his pray'rs :

" Thou, goddess Famine ! that canst send us blights,
 " With parching heat by day and storm by nights,
 " Assist me now ; so may all lands be thine,
 " And shoals of orphans at thy altars pine !
 " Long may thy reign continue on each shore
 " Wherever peace and plenty reign'd before !

30

Flud or Fleet, which ran near it. So early as 1373 Ludgate was constituted a prison for poor debtors who were free of the City, and was greatly enlarged in 1454 by Sir Stephen Forster, who after having been himself confined there became Lord Mayor of London, and established several benevolent regulations for its government. The old gate becoming ruinous, an elegant building, as above described by Dr. King, was erected in 1586, with the statue of Queen Elisabeth on the west front, and those of the pretended King Lud and his two sons on the east. This was pulled down in 1760, and the statue of Elisabeth placed against the church of St. Dunstan-in-the-West. Since that time the City debtors have been confined in a part of the London Workhouse in Bishopsgate Street.

" I must confess that to thy gracious hand
 " I widows owe that are at my command; 35
 " I joy to hear their num'rous children's cries,
 " And bless thy pow'r to find they've no supplies.
 " I thank thee for those martyrs who would fly }
 " From superstitious rites and tyranny }
 " And find their fulness of reward in me. 40 }
 " But it is with much humility I own
 " That gen'rous favour you have lately shown,
 " When men that bravely have their country serv'd }
 " Receiv'd the just reward that they deserv'd, }
 " And are preferr'd to me, and shall be starv'd. }
 " I can, but with regret, I can despise 46
 " Innumerable of the London cries,
 " When pease and mack'rel with their harsher sound
 " The tender organs of my ears confound;
 " But that which makes my projects all miscarry 50
 " Is this inhuman fatal Frumentary.
 " Not far from hence, just by the Bridge of Fleet;
 " With spoons, and porringers, and napkin neat,
 " A faithless Siren does entice the sense }
 " By fumes of viands which she does dispense 55 }
 " To mortal stomachs for rewarding pence, }
 " Whilst each man's earliest thoughts would banish
 " Who have no other oracle but thee." [me,

CANTO II.

WHILST such like pray'rs keen Hunger would advance,

Fainting and weakness threw him in a trance; 60

Famine took pity on her careful slave,

And kindly to him this assistance gave.

She took the figure of a thin parch'd maid,

Who many years had for a husband staid,

And coming near to Hunger thus she said: 65

"My darling Son! whilst Peace and Plenty smile,

"And happiness would overrun this isle,

"I joy to see, by this thy present care,

"I've still some friends remaining since the war.

"In spite of us A does on ven'son feed, 70

"And bread and butter is for B decreed;

"C D combines with E F's gen'rous soul

"To pass their minutes with the sparkling bowl;

"H I's good nature from his endless store

"Is still conferring blessings on the poor, 75

"For none except it is K regards them more;

"L M N O P Q is vainly great,

"And squanders half his substance in a treat;

"Nice eating by R S is understood;

"T's supper tho' but little yet is good; 80

"U's conversation is equal to his wine;

"You sup with W whene'er you dine;

" X Y and Z, hating to be confin'd, 83

" Ramble to the next eatinghouse they find;

" Pleasant, good-humour'd, beautiful, and gay, }
 " Sometimes with musick and sometimes with play }
 " Prolong their pleasures till th' approaching day. }

" And Per Se And alone, as poets use, 88

" The starving dictates of my rules pursues;

" No swinging coachman does afore him shine, }
 " Nor has he any constant place to dine, } 91
 " But all his notions of a meal are mine. }

" Haste, haste; to him a blessing give from me, 92

" And bid him write sharp things on Frumenty. 93

" But I would have thee to Cossedro go, 95

" And let Tobacco too thy bus'ness know;

" With famous Teedrums in this case advise,

" Rely on Sago who is always wise.

" Amidst such counsel banish all despair;

" Trust me you shall succeed in this affair: 100

" That project which they Frumentary call

" Before next breakfast time shall surely fall."

This said, she quickly vanish'd in a wind

Had long within her body been confin'd.

Thus Hercules, when he his mistress found,

Soon knew her by her scent and by her sound. 106

CANTO III.

HUNGER rejoic'd to hear the blest command

That Frumentary should no longer stand;

With speed he to Coffedro's mansion flies, 11
And bids the palefac'd mortal quickly rise. 12

"Arise, my Friend! for upon thee do waits!"

"Dismal events and prodigies of fate."

"'Tis break of day, thy sooty broth prepare,"

"And all thy other liquors for a war:"

"Rouse up Tobacco, whose delicious sight," 115

"Illuminated round with beams of light,"

"To my important mind will cause delight."

"How will he conquer nostrils that presume"

"To stand th' attack of his impetuous fume!"

"Let handsome Teedrumstoo be call'd to arms," 120

"For he has courage in the midst of charms."

"Sago with counsel fills his wakeful brains,"

"But then his wisdom countervails his pains:"

"'Tis he shall be your guide; he shall effect"

"That glorious conquest which we all expect" 125

"The brave Hectorvus shall command this force;"

"He'll meet Tubcarrio's foot, or, which is worse,"

"Oppose the fury of Carmanniel's horse."

"For his reward this he shall have each day,"

"Drink coffee, then strut out, and never pay." 130

It was not long ere the grandees were met,

And round newspapers in full order set.

Then Sago rising said: "I hope you hear"

"Hunger's advice with an obedient ear:"

"Our great design admits of no delay," 135

"Famine commands, and we must all obey."

"That Siren which does Frumentary keep
 "Long since is risen from the bands of sleep;
 "Her spoons and porringers with art display'd
 "Many of Hunger's subjects have betray'd." 140
 "To arms," Hectorvus cry'd: "Coffedro stout,
 "Issue forth liquor from thy scalding spout!"

Great One-and-all-i gives the first alarms,
 Then each man snatches up offensive arms:
 To Ditch of Fleet courageously they run, 145
 Quicker than thought the battle is begun:
 Hectorvus first Tubcarrio does attack,
 And by surprise soon lays him on his back;
 Thirsto and Drowtho then approaching near
 Soon overthrow two magazines of beer. 150

The innocent Syrena little thought
 That all these arms against herself were brought,
 Nor that in her defence the drink was spilt:
 How could she fear that never yet knew guilt?
 Her fragrant juice and her delicious plums 155
 She does dispense (with gold upon her thumbs;)
 Virgins and youths around her stood; she sat
 Environ'd with a wooden chair of state.

In the meantime Tobacco strives to vex
 A num'rous Squadron of the tender sex: 160
 What with strong smoke and with his stronger breath
 He funks Basketia and her son to death.

Coffedro then with Teedrums and the band
 Who carry'd scalding liquors in their hand,

Throw wat'ry ammunition in their eyes, 163
 On which Syrena's party frighten'd flies:
 Carmannio straight drives up, a bulwark strong,
 And horse opposes to Coffedro's throng;
 Coaldrivio stands for bright Syrena's guard,
 And all her rally'd forces are prepar'd; 170
 Carmannio then to Teedrum's Squadron makes,
 And the lean mortal by the buttons takes;
 Not Teedrum's arts Carmannio could beseech,
 But his rough valour throws him in the ditch:
 Syrena, tho' surpris'd, resolv'd to be 175
 The great Bonduca of her Frumentry;
 Before her throne courageously she stands,
 Managing ladles full with both her hands;
 The num'rous plums like hailshot flew about,
 And plenty soon dispers'd the meagre rout. 180

So have I seen at fair that is nam'd from horn
 Many a ladle's blow by 'prentice borne;
 In vain he strives their passions to assuage,
 With threats would frighten, with soft words engage,
 Until thro' milky gantlet soundly beat
 His prudent heels secure a quick retreat. 186

"Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,"

"Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas!"

MULLY OF MOUNTOWN*.

FIRST PRINTED BY THE AUTHOR IN 1704.

MOUNTOWN †, thou sweet retreat from Dublin cares,
 Be famous for thy apples and thy pears,
 For turnips, carrots, lettuce, beans and pease,
 For Peggy's butter and for Peggy's cheese.
 May clouds of pigeons round about thee fly,
 But condescend sometimes to make a pie!
 May fat geese gaggle with melodious voice,
 And ne'er want gooseberries or apple sauce!
 Ducks in thy ponds, and chicken in thy pens,
 And be thy turkeys num'rous as thy hens!
 May thy black pigs lie warm in little sty,
 And have no thought to grieve them till they die!
 Mountown! the Muses' most delicious theme,
 Oh! may thy codlins ever swim in cream!
 Thy rasp and strawberries in Bourdeaux drown,
 To add a redder tincture to their own!
 Thy whitewine, sugar, milk, together club
 To make that gentle viand fillabub ‡!

* It was taken for a state poem, and to have many mysteries in it, though it was only made, as well as Orpheus and Eurydice, for country diversion. *King.*

† A pleasant villa to the south of Dublin near the sea.

‡ "Peace to thy gentle shade, sweet smiling Henniwer!"—would have been our Author's ejaculation if he had lived in

Thy tarts to tarts, cheesecakes to cheesecakes join,
 To spoil the relish of the flowing wine! 20
 But to the fading palate bring relief,
 By thy Westphalian ham or Belgick beef!
 And to complete thy blessings in a word,
 May still thy soil be gen'rous as its lord †!

Oh Peggy, Peggy! when thou goest to brew 25
 Consider well what you're about to do;
 Be very wise, very sedately think
 That what you're going now to make is drink;
 Consider who must drink that drink; and then
 What it is to have the praise of honest men;
 For surely, Peggy, while that drink does last,
 'Tis Peggy will be toasted or disgrac'd.
 Then if thy ale in glass thou wouldst confine
 To make its sparkling rays in beauty shine;
 Let thy clean bottle be entirely dry, 35
 Lest a white substance to the surface fly,
 And floating there disturb the curious eye.

1775, when the admirers of this gentle viand lamented the irreparable loss of the foundress of the Lactarium:

"Lac mihi non æstare novum, non frigore destit;"

"My milk in summer's drought nor winter fails;"

was the matron's invitation to the publick, whilst her happy cottage presented the liveliest reflection of its benignant owner:

"Quam dives pecoris nivi, quam lactis abundans!"

"What luscious milk, what rural stores, are mine?"

† Judge Upton.

But this great maxim must be understood,
 Be sure, nay very sure, thy cork be good:
 Then future ages shall of Peggy tell,
 That nymph that brew'd and bottled ale so well.
 How fleet is air! how many things have breath
 Which in a moment they resign to death,
 Depriv'd of light and all their happiest state
 Not by their fault but some o'erruling Fate
 Altho' fair flow'rs that justly might invite
 Are cropt, nay torn away, for man's delight,
 Yet still those flow'rs, alas! can make no moan,
 Nor has Narcissus now a pow'r to groan,
 But all those things which breathe in diff'rent frame
 By tie of common breath man's pity claim.
 A gentle lamb has rhetorick to plead,
 And when she sees the butcher's knife decreed,
 Her voice entreats him not to make her bleed:
 But cruel gain and luxury of taste
 With pride still lays man's fellow-mortals waste.
 What earth and waters breed or air inspires
 Man for his palate fits by tort'ring fires.
 Milly, a cow sprung from a beauteous race,
 With spreading front did Mountown's pastures grace:
 Gentle she was, and with a gentle stream
 Each morn and night gave milk that equal'd cream.
 Offending none, of none she stood in dread,
 Much less of persons which she daily fed;

"But innocence cannot itself defend. [Friend."
 "'Gainst treach'rous arts veil'd with the name of
 Robin of Derbyshire, whose temper shocks 67
 The constitution of his native rocks,
 Born in a place * which, if it once be nam'd,
 Would make a blushing modesty ashamed, 70
 He with indulgence kindly did appear
 To make poor Mully his peculiar care;
 But inwardly this sullen churlish thief
 Had all his mind plac'd upon Mully's beef:
 His fancy fed on her; and thus he'd cry, 75
 "Mully, as sure as I'm alive you die!
 "'Tis a brave cow! O, Sirs! when Christmas comes
 "These shins shall make the porridge grac'd with
 plums;
 "Then 'midst our cups whilst we profusely dine,
 "This blade shall enter deep in Mully's chine, 80
 "What ribs, what rumps, what bak'd, boil'd, stew'd,
 "and roast!
 "There sha' n't one single tripe of her be lost!"
 When Peggy, nymph of Mountown, heard these
 She griev'd to hear of Mully's future wounds. [sounds,
 "What crime," said she, "has gentle Mully done?
 "Witness the rising and the setting sun, 86
 "That knows what milk she constantly would give!
 "Let that quench Robin's rage and Mully live."

* The Devil's Arse of Peak, described by Hobbes in a poem
De Mirabilibus Pecci, the best of his poetical performances.

Daniel, a sprightly swain, that us'd to flash'd
 The vig'rous steeds that drew his lord's calash,
 To Peggy's side inclin'd; for it was well known
 How well he lov'd those cattle of his own.

Then Terence spoke, oraculous and fly;
 He'd neither grant the question nor deny;
 Pleading for milk his thoughts were on mince pie;
 But all his arguments so dubious were
 That Mully thence had neither hopes nor fear.

"You've spoke," says Robin; "but now let me tell
 'Tis not fair spoken words that fill the belly;
 "Pudding and beef I love; and cannot stoop
 "To recommend your bonny-clabber soup.
 "You say she is innocent; but what of that?
 "Tis more than crime sufficient that she is fat!
 "And that which is prevailing in this case
 "Is, there is another cow to fill her place;
 "And granting Mully to have milk in store
 "Yet still this other cow will give us more.
 "She dies."—Stop here, my Muse! forbear the rest;
 And veil that grief which cannot be express'd.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

FIRST PRINTED BY THE AUTHOR IN 1704.

As poets say, one Orpheus went
 To hell upon an odd intent;
 First tell the story, then let's know
 If any one will do so now.

This Orpheus was a jolly boy,
 Born long before the siege of Troy;
 His parents found the lad was sharp,
 And taught him on the Irish harp;
 And when grown fit for marriage life
 Gave him Eurydice for wife;
 And they as soon as match was made
 Set up the ballad-singing trade.
 The cunning varlet could devise
 For country folks ten thousand lies,
 Affirming all those monstrous things
 Were done by force of harp and strings;
 Could make a tiger in a trice
 Tame as a cat and catch your mice;
 Could make a lion's courage flag;
 And straight could animate a stag;
 And by the help of pleasing ditties
 Make millstones run and build up cities;
 Each had the use of fluent tongue;
 If Dice scolded Orpheus sung;
 And so by discord without strife
 Compos'd one harmony of life;
 And thus as all their matters stood
 They got an honest livelihood.

Happy were mortals could they be
 From any sudden danger free!
 Happy were poets could their songs
 The feeble thread of life prolong!

If any one will do so now.

But as these two went strolling on
 Poor Dice's scene of life was done;
 Away her fleeting breath must fly,
 Yet no one knows wherefore or why.
 This caus'd the gen'ral lamentation
 To all that knew her in her station;
 How brisk she was still to advance
 The harper's gain and lead the dance;
 In ev'ry tune observe her thrill,
 Sing on, yet change the money still.
 Orpheus best knew what loss he had,
 And thinking on it fell almost mad,
 And in despair to Linus ran,
 Who was esteem'd a cunning man;
 Cry'd, "He again must Dice have,
 Or else be bury'd in her grave."
 Quoth Linus, "Soft; refrain your sorrow;
 What fails to-day may speed to-morrow!
 Thank you the gods for whate'er happens,
 But don't fall out with your fat capons.
 'Tis many an honest man's petition
 That he may be in your condition.
 If such a blessing might be had,
 To change a living wife for dead,
 I'd be your chapman; nay, I'd do't,
 Tho' I gave forty pounds to boot.
 Consider first you save her diet;
 Consider next you keep her quiet;

" For pray what was she all along?
 " Except the burthen of your song?
 " What tho' your Dice is under ground
 " Yet many a woman may be found
 " Who in your gains if she may part take
 " Trust me will quickly make your heart ache
 " Then rest content as widowers shou'd—
 " The gods best know what is for our good!"

Orpheus no longer could endure
 Such wounds where he expected cure.

" Is it possible!" cry'd he; " and can
 " That noble creature, marry'd man,
 " In such a cause be so profane?
 " I'll fly thee far as I would Death,
 " Who from my Dice took her breath."

Which said, he soon outstript the wind,
 Whilst puffing Boreas lagg'd behind,
 And to Urganda's cave he came,
 A lady of prodigious fame,
 Whose hollow eyes and hepp'r breech
 Made common people call her witch;
 Down at her feet he prostrate lies
 With trembling heart and blubber'd eyes.

" Tell me," said he; " for sure you know
 " The pow'rs above and those below,
 " Where does Eurydice remain?
 " How shall I fetch her back again?"

She smilingly reply'd, "I'll tell you how
 " This easily without a spell;
 " The wife you look for is gone to hell—
 " Nay, never start, man! for it is so:
 " Except one ill-bred wife or two
 " The fashion is for all to go:
 " Not that she will be damn'd; ne'er fear
 " But she may get preferment there.
 " Indeed she might be fry'd in pitch;
 " If she had been a bitter bitch;
 " If she had leapt athwart a sword,
 " And afterwards had broke her word:
 " But your Eurydice, poor soul!
 " Was a good-natur'd harmless fool;
 " Except a little caterwauling
 " Was always painful in her calling;
 " And I dare trust old Pluto for't
 " She will find favour in his court;
 " But then to fetch her back that still
 " Remains, and may be past my skill;
 " For it is too sad a thing to jest on;
 " You're the first man e'er ask'd the question;
 " For husbands are such selfish elves
 " They care for little but themselves:
 " And then one rogue cries to another
 " Since this wife is gone e'en get another
 " Tho' most men let such thoughts alone
 " And swear they've had enough of one.

"But since you are so kind to Dice,
 "Follow the course which I advise ye;
 "E'en go to hell yourself and try
 "Th' effect of musick's harmony;
 "For you will hardly find a friend
 "Whom you in such a case might send:
 "Besides, their Proserpine has been
 "The brikest dancer on the green,
 "Before old Pluto ravish'd her,
 "Took her to hell—and you may swear }
 "She had but little musick there;
 "For since she last beheld the sun
 "Her merry dancing days are done:
 "She has a colt's tooth still I warrant,
 "And will not disapprove your errand:
 "Then your request does reason seem,
 "For what is one single ghost to them?
 "Tho' thousand phantoms should invade ye
 "Pass on—Faint heart ne'er won fair lady.
 "The bold a way will find or make;
 "Remember it is for Dice's sake."

Nothing pleas'd Orpheus half so well
 As news that he must go to hell:
 Th' impatient wight long'd to be going,
 As most folk seek their own undoing;
 Ne'er thought of what he left behind,
 Never consider'd he should find

Scarce any passenger beside
Himself, nor could he hire a guide.

"Will you sick do it?" cry'd he. "Ne'er heed;

"My harp shall make the marble bleed;

"My harp all dangers shall remove,

"And dare all flames but those of love."

Then kneeling begs in terms most civil

Urganda's passport to the devil.

Her pass she kindly to him gave;

Then bad him 'noint himself with salve,

Such as those hardy people use

Who walk on fire without their shoes,

Who on occasion in a dark hole

Can gormandize on lighted charcoal,

And drink eight quarts of flaming fuel,—

As men in flux do watergruel;

She bad him then go to those caves

Where conjurers keep Fairy slaves;

Such sort of creatures as will baste

A kitchenwench for being nasty,

But if she neatly scour her pewter

Give her the money that is due

Orpheus went down a narrow hole

That was as dark as any coal;

He did at length some glimmering spy

By which at least he might descry

Ten thousand little Fairy elves

Who there were solacing themselves.

All ran about him, cry'd, "Oh dear!
 "Who thought to have seen Orpheus here?
 "'Tis that queen's birthday which you see,
 "And you are come as luckily:
 "You had no ballad but we bought it,
 "Paid Dice when she little thought it
 "When you beneath the yewtree sat
 "We've come and all danc'd round your hat.
 "But whereabouts did Dice leave ye?
 "She had been welcome, Sir, believe me."
 "These little chits would make one swear,"
 Quoth Orpheus, 'twixt disdain and fear,
 "And dare these urchins jeer my crosses,
 "And laugh at mine and Dice's losses?
 "Hands off—the monkies hold the faster:
 "Sirrahs! I'm going to your master!"
 "Good words," quoth Oberon; "do n't flinch;
 "For ev'ry time you stir I'll pinch;
 "But if you decently sit down:
 "I'll first equip you with a crown,
 "Then for each dance and for each song
 "Our pence apiece the whole night long."
 Orpheus, who found no remedy,
 Made virtue of necessity;
 Tho' all was out of tune, their dances
 Would only hinder his advances,
 Each note that from his fingers fell
 Seem'd to be Dice's passing-bell;

At last night let him ease his cropper;
 Get on his legs to go to supper.
 Quoth Nab, "We here have strangers seldom,
 "But, Sir, to what we have you're welcome."
 "Madam, they seem of light digestion;
 "Is it not rude to ask a question,
 "What they may be, fish, flesh, or fruit?
 "For I ne'er saw things so minute.
 "Sir, a roasted ant that is nicely done
 "By one small atom of the sun;
 "These are flies' eggs in moonshine poach'd;
 "This a flea's thigh in collops Scotch'd;
 "'Twas hunted yesterday i' th' Park,
 "And like t' have scap'd us in the dark,
 "This is a dish entirely new,
 "Butterflies' brains dissolv'd in dew;
 "These lovers' vows, these courtiers' hopes;
 "Things to be eat by microscopes;
 "These sucking mites, a glow-worm's heart,
 "This a delicious rainbow tart!"
 "Madam, I find they're very nice,
 "And will digest within a trice;
 "I see there is nothing you esteem
 "That is half so gross as our whipt cream;
 "And I infer from all these meats
 "That such light suppers keep clean sheets."
 "But, Sir," said she, "perhaps you're dry!"
 Then speaking to a Fairy by,

"You've taken care, my dear Endia!"

"All is ready for my ratification."

"Sir, a drop of water newly torn

"Fresh from the rosy-finger'd Morn'g

"A pearl of milk, that is gently prest

"From blooming Hebe's early breast,

"With half a one of Cupid's tears

"When he in embryo first appears,

"And honey from an infant bee,

"Makes liquor for the gods and me!"

"Madam," says he, "an't please your Grace,

"I'm going to a droughty place,

"And if I an't too bold, pray charge her

"The draught I have be somewhat larger."

"Fetch me," said she, "A mighty bowl;

"Like Oberon's capacious soul,

"And then fill up the burnish'd gold

"With juice that makes the Britons bold:

"This from seven barleycorns I drew

"Its years are seven, and to the view

"Tis clear, and sparkles fit for you."

"But stay——"

"When I by Fate was last time hurl'd

"To act my pranks in th' other world,

"I saw some sparks as they were drinking

"With mighty mirth and little thinking

"Their jests were *supernaculum*;

"I snatch'd the rubies from each thumb

" And in this crystal have them here, 255

" Perhaps you'll like it more than beer, 260

Wine and late hours dissolv'd the feast, 265

And men and Fairies went to rest, 270

The bed where Orpheus was to lie 275

Was all stuff'd full of harmony: 280

Purling streams and am'rous rills, 285

Dying sound that never kills, 290

Zephyrus breathing, Love delighting, 295

Joy to slumber soft inviting, 300

Trembling sounds that make no noise, 305

And songs to please without a voice, 310

Were mixt with down that fell from Jove, 315

When he became a swan for love. 320

'Twas night, and Nature's self lay dead, 325

Nodding upon a feather-bed, 330

The mountains seem'd to bend their tops, 335

And shutters clos'd the mill'ners' shops, 340

Excluding both the punks and fops, 345

No ruffled streams to mill do come, 350

The silent fish were still more dumb, 355

Look in the chimney not a spark there, 360

And darkness did itself grow darker, 365

But Orpheus could not sleep a wink, 370

He had too many things to think, 375

But in the dark his harp he strung, 380

And to the list'ning Fairies sung, 385

And thus he sung, 390

And thus he sung, 395

And thus he sung, 400

Prince Prim, who pity'd so much youth,
Join'd with such constancy and truth,
Soon gave him thus to understand:

"Sir, I last night receiv'd command

"To see you out of Fairy Land

"Into the realm of Nofnotbotai;

"But let not fear or sulphur choke ye;

"For he is a fiend of sense and wit,

"And has got many rooms to let."

As quick as thought, by glow-worm glimpse

Out walk the fiddler and the prince

They soon arrive, find Bocai brewing

Of claret for a vintner's stewing.

"I come from Oberon," quoth Prince Prim

"'Tis well," quoth Bocai: "what from him?"

"Why, something strange. This honest man

"Had his wife dy'd: now if he can

"He says he'd have her back again!"

Then Bocai smiling cry'd, "You see,

"Orpheus, you'd better stay with me;

"For let me tell you, Sir, this place,

"Altho' it has an ugly face,

"If to its value it were sold

"Is worth ten thousand ton of gold,

"And very famous in all story,

"Call'd by the name of Purgatory.

"For when some ages shall have run,

"And Truth by Falsehood be undone,

"Shall rise the whore of Babylon,

" And this same whore shall be a man, woe's me
 " Who by his lies and cheating canow ad li ned T
 " Be such a trader in all evil
 " As to outdo our friend the devil; Cry'd
 " He and his pimps shall say, that when evig b' 315
 " A man is dying, thither then
 " The devil comes to take the soul; if he wou
 " And carry him down to this hole; Rather than
 " But if a man have store of wealth, smot b' 1
 " To get some pray'rs for his soul's health; bnd 320
 " The devil has then no more to do; yow
 " But must be fore'd to let him go; Great Nether
 " But we are no more fools than they; Such goodne
 " Thus to be bubbled of our pray; Then kindly led
 " By these same pious frauds and lies; b' 325
 " Shall many monasteries rise; A
 " Friars shall get good meat and beer; Where feed
 " To pray folks out that ne'er came here; O
 " Pans, pots, and kettles; shall be giv'nd to come
 " To fetch a man from hence to heav'n; b' 330
 " Suppose a man has taken purses, b' 335
 " Or stolen sheep, or cows, or horses, b' 340
 " And chances to be hang'd, you'd cry; b' 345
 " Let him be hang'd, and so good-bye; b' 350
 " Hold, says the friar; let me alone; b' 355
 " He is but to Purgatory gone; b' 360
 " And if you'll let our convent keep; b' 365
 " Those purses, cows, horses, and sheep, b' 370
 " b' 375

"The fellow shall find no more pain."

"Than if he were alive again." 340

Here Orpheus sigh'd, began to take on,

Cry'd, "Could I find the whore you spake on,"

"I'd give him my best fitch of bacon;

"I'd give him cake and sugar'd sack;

"If he would bring my Dice back: 345

"Rather than she should longer stay;

"I'd find some lusty man to pray;

"And then poor Dice, let him try her;

"I dare say would requite the friar." 350

Great Nosnotbecai smil'd to see

Such goodness and simplicity;

Then kindly led them to a cell,

An outward granary of hell,

A filthy place, that is seldom swept,

Where seeds of villany are kept. 355

"Orpheus," said he, "I'd have you take

"Some of these seeds here for my sake,

"Which if they are discreetly hurl'd

"Thro'out the parts of th' other world;

"They may oblige the fiend you sue to, 360

"And fill the palace of old Pluto

"Sow pride seed uppermost; then above

"Envy and scandal plant selflove;

"Here take revenge, and malice without cause,

"And here contempt of honesty and laws; 365

"This hot seed's anger, and this hotter lust,

"Best sown with breach of friendship and of trust:

- " These storm, hail, plague, and tempest seeds; A "
 " And this a quintessence of weeds; Y "
 " This the worst sort of artichoke; 370
 " A plant that Pluto has himself bespoken; A "
 " Nourish it well, it is useful treachery; Y "
 " This is a choice tho' little seed; a lie; Y "
 " Here take some now from these prodigious loads "
 " Of tender things that look like toads; 375
 " In future times these finely dress'd "
 " Shall each invade a prince's breast; Y "
 " 'Tis flattery seed; tho' thin & low; Y "
 " It is a mighty plant when grown; O "
 " When root'd deep and fully blown; 380
 " Now see these things like bubbles fly, "
 " These are the seeds of vanity; Y "
 " Take tyrant acorns, which will best advance; Y "
 " If sown in eastern climates or in France; Y "
 " But these are things of most prodigious hopes, Y "
 " They're Jesuit bulbs ty'd up with ropes; 385
 " And these the devil's grafts for future Pops; Y "
 " Which with fanaticism are join'd so clean; Y "
 " You'd scarce believe a knife had pass'd between: "
 " False witness seed had almost been forgot; 390
 " 'Twill be your making should there be a plot. Y "
 " And now, dear Orpheus! scatter these but well, Y "
 " And you'll deserve the gratitude of hell. "
 Quoth Orpheus, " You shall be obey'd "
 " In ev'ry thing that you have said, 395
 " For mischief is the poet's trade;

" And whatsoever they shall bring,
 " You may assure yourself I'll sing.
 " But pray what poets shall we have
 " At my returning from the grave?"
 " Sad dogs!" quoth Bocai. — " Let me see —"
 " But since what I say cannot shame them,
 " I'll e'en resolve to never name them."
 " But now," says Bocai, " Sir, you may
 " Long to be going on your way,
 " Unless you'll drink some arsenick claret;
 " 'Tis burnt, you see; but Sam can spare it."
 Orpheus reply'd, " Kind Sir! it is neither
 " Brandy nor whets that brought me hither,
 " But love; and I an instance can be
 " Love is as hot as pepper'd brandy;
 " Yet, gentle Sir! you may command
 " A tune from a departing hand;
 " The style and passion both are good;
 " 'Tis *The Three Children in the Wood*.
 He sang, and pains themselves found ease;
 For griefs when well express'd can please.
 When he describ'd the children's loss,
 And how the Robins cover'd them with moss,
 To hear the pity of those birds
 Ev'n Bocai's tears fell down with Orpheus' words.

{ And now, O gentle Sir, you may command
 { A tune from a departing hand;
 { The style and passion both are good;
 { 'Tis *The Three Children in the Wood*.

BRITAIN'S PALLADIUM,

OR, LORD BOLINGBROKE'S WELCOME FROM FRANCE.*

*"Et thure, et seditibus juvat**"Placare, et vituli sanguine debito**"Custodes Numidæ Deos."**Hor. lib. 1. Od. xxv. ad Pompeium Numidam, ob
cujus ex Hispania redditum gaudium exultat.*

WHAT noise is this that interrupts my sleep?
 What echoing shouts rise from the briny deep?
 Neptune a solemn festival prepares,
 And peace thro' all his flowing orb declares:
 That dreadful trident which he us'd to shake,
 Make earth's foundations and Jove's palace quake;
 Now by his side on oozy couch reclin'd,
 Gives a smooth surface and a gentle wind;
 Innumerable Tritons lead the way,
 And crowds of Nereids round his chariot play:
 The ancient sea gods with attention wait
 To learn what is now the last result of Fate;
 What earthly monarch Neptune now decrees
 Alone his great vicegerent of the seas.
 By an auspicious gale Britannia's fleet
 On Gallia's coast this shining triumph meet;

* Lord Bolingbroke set out for France (accompanied by Mr. Hare, one of his Undersecretaries, Mr. Prior, and the Abbe Gualtier) Aug. 2d, and arrived again in London Aug. 21st 1712,

These pomps divine their mortal sense surprise,
 Loud to the ear, and dazzling to the eyes,
 Whilst sealy Tritons with their shells proclaim
 The names that must survive to future fame, 20
 And nymphs their diadems of pearl prepare
 For monarchs who to purchase peace make war.
 Then Neptune his majestick silence broke,
 And to the trembling sailors mildly spoke;

"Thro'out the world Britannia's flag display; 25

" 'Tis my command that all the globe obey; 30

" Let British streamers wave their heads on high,

" And dread no foe beneath Jove's azure sky.

" The rest let Nereus tell."

" If I have truth," says Nereus, "and foresee 30

" The intricate designs of Destiny,

" I, that have view'd whatever fleets have rode

" With sharpen'd keels to cut the yielding flood,

" I, that could weigh the fates of Greece and Rome,

" Phœnician wealth and Carthaginian doom, 35

" Must surely know what in the womb of time

" Was foreordain'd for Britain's happy clime,

" How wars upon the wat'ry realms shall cease,

" And Anna give the world a glorious peace,

" Restore the spicy traffick of the East, 40

" And stretch her empire to the distant West,

" Her fleets defery Aurora's purple bed,

" And Phœbus' steeds after their labours fed; 45

- "The southern coasts, to Britain scarcely known,"
 "Shall grow as hospitable as their own;
 "No monsters shall be feign'd to guard their shore;
 "When British trade secures their golden ore;
 "The fleecy product of the Cotswold field
 "Shall equal what Peruvian mountains yield;
 "Iron shall there intrinsic value show,
 "And by Vulcanian art more precious grow.
 "Britannia's royal fishery shall be
 "Improv'd by a kind guardian deity;
 "That mighty task to Glauco's we assign,
 "Of more importance than the richest mine;
 "He shall direct them how to strike the whale,
 "How to avoid the danger, when prevail;
 "What treasure lies upon the frozen coast
 "Not yet explor'd, nor negligently lost.
 "In vast Acadia's plains, new theme for fame,
 "Towns shall be built sacred to Anna's name;
 "The silver fir and lofty pine shall rise
 "From Britain's own united Colonies,
 "Which to the mast shall canvass wings afford,
 "And pitch to strengthen the unfaithful board;
 "Norway may then her naval stores withhold,
 "And proudly starve for want of British gold.
 "O happy Isles to such advantage plac'd
 "That all the world is by thy counsels grac'd;

* Annapolis, the capital of Nova Scotia.

- " Thy nation's genius with industrious arts;
 " Renders thee lovely to remotest parts;
 " Eliza first the fable scene withdrew,
 " And to the ancient world display'd the new;
 " When Buirleigh at the helm of state was seen,
 " The truest subject to the greatest queen;
 " The Indians from the Spanish yoke made free,
 " Bless'd the effects of English liberty;
 " Drake round the world his sov'reign's honour spread
 " Thro' straits and gulfs immense her fame convey'd
 " Nor rests inquiry here; his curious eye
 " Descries new constellations in the sky,
 " In which vast space ambitious mariners
 " Might place their names on high, and chuse their
 " Raleigh with hopes of new discoveries fir'd,
 " And all the depths of human wit inspir'd,
 " Rov'd o'er the Western world in search of fame,
 " Adding fresh glory to Eliza's name;
 " Subdu'd new empires, that will records be
 " Immortal of a queen's virginity.
 " But think not, Albion, that thy sons decay,
 " Or that thy princes have less pow'r to sway;
 " Whatever in Eliza's reign was seen
 " With a redoubled vigour springs again;
 " Imperial Anna shall the seas control,
 " And spread her naval laws from pole to pole.

* Alluding to the first settlement of Virginia.

"Ner think her conduct or her counsels less
 "In arts of war or treaties for a peace,
 "In thrifty management of Britain's wealth,
 "Embezzled lately, or purloin'd by stealth,
 "No nation can fear want or dread surprise
 "Where Oxford's prudence Burleigh's loss supplies
 "On him the publick most securely leans
 "To ease the burthen of the best of queens;
 "On him the merchants fix their longing eyes
 "When war shall cease and British commerce rise.
 "Alcides' strength and Atlas' firmer mind
 "To narrow straits of Europe were confin'd:
 "The British sailors from their Royal 'Change
 "May find a nobler liberty to range
 "Oxford shall be their polestar to the South
 "And there reward the efforts of their youth,
 "Whence thro' his conduct traffick shall increase
 "Ev'n to those seas which take their name from peace.
 "Peace is the sound must gladd the Britons' ears
 "But see the noble Bolingbroke appears
 "Gesture compris'd and looks serene declare
 "Th' approaching issue of a doubtful war
 "Now my cerulean race safe in the deep
 "Shall hear no cannons' roar disturb their sleep;
 "But smoothest tides and the most halcyon gales
 "Shall to their port direct Britannia's sails.
 "The Pacific ocean,

"Ye Tritons! sons of gods, it is my command;
 "That you see Bolingbroke in safety land;
 "Your concave shells for softest notes prepare;
 "Whilst Echo shall repeat the gentlest air;
 "The river gods shall there your triumphs meet;
 "And in old Ocean mix'd your hero greet;
 "Thames shall stand on firing, Isis shall rejoice;
 "And both in tuneful numbers raise their voice;
 "The rapid Medway and the fertile Trent
 "In swiftest streams confess their true content;
 "Avon and Severn shall in raptures join;
 "And Fame convey them to the northern Time;
 "Tweed then no more the Britons shall divide;
 "But peace and plenty flow on either side;
 "Triumphs proclaim, and mirth and jovial feasts,
 "And all the world invite for welcome guests;
 "No Faction, that thro' the land so fatal spread,
 "No more shall dare to rise her Hydra's head,
 "But all her votaries in silence mourn;
 "The happiness of Bolingbroke's return
 "Far from the common pitch, she shall arise
 "With great designs to dazzle Envy's eyes;
 "Search deep to know of Whiggish plots the source,
 "Their everturning schemes and restless course;
 "Who shall hereafter British annals read
 "But will reflect with wonder on this deed?
 "How artfully his conduct overcame
 "A stubborn race and quench'd a raging flame;

Retriev'd the Britons from unruly fate, 150
 And overthrew the Phaëtons of state
 These wise exploits thro' Gallia's nation ran,
 And fir'd their souls to see the wondrous man:
 The aged counsellors without surprise
 Found wit and prudence sparkling in his eyes; 155
 Wisdom, that was not gain'd in course of years,
 Or reverence owing to his hoary hairs,
 But struck by force of genius, such as drove
 The goddess Pallas from the brain of Jove.
 The youth of France with pleasure look'd to see 160
 His graceful mien and beauteous symmetry
 The virgins ran as to unusual shows
 When he to Paris came and Fontainbleau
 Viewing the blooming minister desir'd
 And still the more they gaz'd the more admir'd. 165
 Nor did the Court, that best true grandeur knows
 Their sentiments by lesser facts disclose
 By common pomp or ceremonious train
 Seen heretofore, nor to be seen again;
 But they desir'd new honours yet unknown,
 Or paid to any subject of a crown.
 The Gallick king, in age and counsel wise,
 Sated with war, and weary of disguise
 With open arms salutes the British peer,
 And gladly owns his prince and character. 175
 As Hermes from the throne of Jove descends
 With grateful errand to Heav'n's choicest friends

As Iris from the bed of Juno flies, with all her vestments
 To hear her queen's commands thro' yielding skies,
 Whilst o'er her wings fresh beams of glory flow, (80
 And blended colours paint her wondrous bow;
 So Bolingbroke appears in Louis' sight,
 With message heavenly, and with equal light
 Disperses all clouds of doubt and fear of wars,
 And in his mistress' name for peace declares;
 Accents divine! which the great king receives
 With the same grace that mighty Anna gives;
 Let others boast of blood, the spoil of foes;
 Rapine and murder, and of endless woes,
 Detested pomp! and trophies gain'd from far,
 With spangled ensigns streaming in the air;
 Count how they made Bavarian subjects feel,
 The rage of fire and edge of harden'd steel;
 Fatal effects of soul insatiate pride,
 That deal their wounds alike on either side,
 No limits set to their ambitious ends,
 For who bounds them no longer can be friends;
 By diff'rent methods Bolingbroke shall raise
 His growing honours and immortal praise.
 He, fix'd with glory and the publick good,
 Betwixt the people and their danger stood;
 Arm'd with convincing truths he did appear,
 And all he said was sparkling, bright, and clear,
 The list'ning Senate with attention heard,
 And some admir'd while others trembling fear'd;

Not from the tropes of formal eloquence, 206
 But Demosthenick strength and weight of sense,
 Such as fond Oxford to her son supply'd,
 Design'd her own as well as Britain's pride;
 Who, less beholden to the ancient strains, 210
 Might shew a nobler blood in English veins,
 Outdo whatever Homer sweetly sung
 Of Nestor's counsels or Ulysses' tongue:
 Oh! all ye Nymphs! whilst time and youth allow
 Prepare the rose and lily for his brow. 215
 Much he has done, but still has more in view,
 To Anna's int'rest and his country true:
 More I could prophesy, but must refrain:
 Such truths would make another mortal vain. 219

THE EAGLE AND THE ROBIN.

An Apologue translated from the original of Æsop, written two thousand Years since, and now rendered in familiar Verse by H. G. L. Mag.

GOOD precepts and true gold are more valuable for their antiquity; and here I present my good reader with one delivered by the first founder of mythology, Æsop himself. Maximus Planudes takes notice of it as a very excellent part of his production; and Phædrus, Camerarius, and others, seem to agree that his Eagle, and five others not yet translated, are equal to any of his that are handed down to us. Though Mr. Ogleby and Sir Roger L'Estrange had the unhappiness to be unacquainted with them, yet I had the good fortune to discover them by the removal of my old library, which has made me amends for the trouble of getting to where I now teach. They were written, or dictated at least, by Æsop in the fifty-fourth Olympiad; and though I designed them chiefly for the use of my school, (this being translated by a youth designed for a Greek professor) yet no man is so wise as not to need instruction, ay, and by the way of fable too, since the Holy Scriptures themselves, the best instructors, teach us by way of parable, symbol, image, and figure: and David was more moved with Nathan's "Thou art the man," than all the most rigid lectures in the world would have done. Whoever will be at

the trouble of comparing this version with the original, let them begin at the tenth line, and they will find it metaphrastically done *verbum verbo*, as the best way of justice to the author. Those that are mere adorers of $\psi\lambda\omicron\iota\ \lambda\omicron\gamma\omicron\iota$ will not be angry that it is in this sort of metre, for which I gave leave, the said having a turn to this sort of measure, which is pleasant and agreeable, though not lofty. For my own part, I concur with my master Aristotle that $\psi\lambda\omicron\iota\ \lambda\omicron\gamma\omicron\iota$ are very far from being unnecessary or unpleasant. May this be of use to thee, and it will please thine all good wishes,

One morning, in her giving way,
As was her custom every day,
To cheer the poor, the sick, and old,
Or with apparel, food, or gold,
There came a passing stranger by,
On whom she quickly cast an eye;
The man admiring made a stand;
He had a bird upon his hand;
"What is that," says he, "that hangs in his hand?"
"Sinking and faint, it is almost dead,"
"Madam, a Redbreast, that I found,"
"By this wet season almost drown'd."

* Queen Anne. If the reader recollects the charge which the made in her ministry in 1702, the year in which this poem was written, and looks into our Author's History, or the Favourite, the political import of this apologue will appear evident.

THE EAGLE AND THE ROBIN.

A Lady * liv'd in former days
That well deserv'd the utmost praise,
For greatness, birth, and justice, fam'd,
And ev'ry virtue could be nam'd,
Which made her course of life so ev'n,
That she is a saint (if dead) in heav'n.
This lady had a little seat
Just like a palace it was so neat,
From aught but goodness her retreat.

One morning, in her giving way,
As was her custom ev'ry day,
To cheer the poor, the sick, and cold,
Or with apparel, food, or gold,
There came a gazing stranger by
On whom she quickly cast an eye.

The man admiring made a stand;
He had a bird upon his hand:
"What is that," says she, "that hangs its head?"

"Sinking and faint! it is almost dead."

"Madam, a Redbreast that I found,

"By this wet season almost drown'd."

* Queen Anne. If the reader recollects the change which she made in her ministry in 1709, the year in which this poem was written, and looks into our Author's *Rufinus*, or, *The Favourite*, the political moral of this apologue will appear evident.

"O! bring him in and keep him warm;
 "Robins do never any harm.
 They soon obey'd, and chopt him meat;
 Gave him whatever he would eat;
 The lady care herself did take,
 And made a nest for Robin's sake:
 But he perkt up into her chain,
 In which he plenteously did fare,
 Assuming quite another air.
 The neighbours thought when this they spy'd
 The world well mended on his side:
 With welltun'd throat he whistled long,
 And ev'ry body lik'd his song.
 "At last," said they, "this little thing
 "Will kill itself so long to sing;
 "We'll closet him among the rest
 "Of those my lady loves the best."
 They little thought that saw him come
 That Robins were so quarrellsome.
 The door they open'd, in he pops,
 And to the highest perch he hops;
 The party-colour'd birds he chose,
 The gold finches, and such as those;
 With them he'd peck, and bill, and feed,
 And very well (at times) agreed:
 Canary birds were his delight,
 With them he'd sit all night;

But the brown linnets went to put in mid gaird ! O
He kill'd them all upon the spot.

The servants were employ'd each day
Instead of work to part some fray,
And wish'd the awkward fellow curst
That brought him to my lady first
At last they all resolv'd upon it
Some way to tell my lady on it.

Meanwhile he 'd had a noble wing,
And rul'd just like the Gallin King;
Having kill'd or wounded all
Unless the Eagle in the hall,
With whom he durst but only jar,
He being the very soul of war;
But hated him for his desert,
And bore him malice at his heart.

This Eagle was my lady's pride,
The guardian safety of her side;
He often brought home foreign prey,
Which humbly at her feet he lay,
For colour, pinions, and stature;
The fairest workmanship of Nature;
'T would do one good to see him move,
So full of grandeur, grace, and love;
He was indeed a bird for love,
He soar'd aloft in Brucan's field,
And thousand kites and vultures kill'd,

Which made him dear to all that flew,
Unless to Robin and his crew.

One day poor Bob, puff'd up with pride,
Thinking the combat to abide,
A goosequill on for weapon ty'd,
Knowing by use that now and then
A sword less hurt does than a pen.

As for example—What at home
You've well contriv'd to do at Rome
A pen blows up—before you come
You are suppos'd to undermine
The foe—in some immense design.
A pen can bite you with a line;
There is forty ways to give a sign.

Well—all on fire away he stalk'd,
Till come to—where the Eagle walk'd.

Bob did not shrill—I shall-I go,
Nor said one word of friend or foe,
But flirting at him made a blow,
As gamecocks with their gantlets do;
At which the Eagle gracefully
Cast a disdainful sparkling eye,
As who should say—"What is this, a fly?"
But no revenge at all did take;
He spar'd him for their lady's sake,
Who ponder'd these things in her mind,
And took th' conduct of th' Eagle kind.

Volume II.

Upon reflection now—to show
 What harm the least of things may do,
 Mad Robin with his cursed flint
 One of the Eagle's * eyes had hurt,
 Inflam'd it, made it red and sore,
 But the affront inflam'd it more.
 Oh, how the family did tear!
 To fire the house could scarce forbear:
 With scorn not pain the Eagle fir'd
 Murmur'd disdain, and so retir'd.

Robin to offer some relief
 In words like these would heal their grief:
 "Should th' Eagle die (which Heav'n forbid!)
 "We ought some other to provide.
 "I do not say that any now
 "Are fit, but in a year or two;
 "And should this mighty warrior fall
 "They should not want a general."

As men have long observ'd that one
 Misfortune seldom comes alone,
 Just in the moment this was done,
 Ten thousand foes in sight were come;
 Vultures and kites, and birds of prey,
 In flocks so thick—they darken'd day.
 A long-concerted force and strong,
 Vermin of all kinds made the throng;

* *Ὠφθαλμὸς* amongst the Greeks signifies "Honour as
 "tender as the eye." *King.*

Foxes were in the faction join'd,
Who waited their approach to ground, 135

By ev'ry hand from common fame
The frightful face of danger came.

One cries, "What help now—who can tell?
"I'm glad the Eagle is here and well!" 140

Another out of breath with fear
Says "Thousands more near sea appear; 145

"They'll sweep our chicken from the door;
"We never were so set before; 150

"We're glad the Eagle will forget;
"And the invaders kill or beat." 155

Reserv'd and great, his noble mind,
Above all petty things inclin'd,

Abhorr'd the thoughts of any thing
But what his lady's peace could bring,

Who bless'd him first, and bad him do
As he was wont, and beat the foe. 160

Burning and restless as the sun
Until this willing work was done,

He whets his talons, stretch'd his wings,
His light'ning darts, and terror flings, 165

Tow'rs with a flight into the sky
These million monsters to defy,

Prepar'd to conquer or to die.

The party that so far was come
Thought not the Eagle was at home; 170

To fame and danger us'd in field;
 They knew he'd quickly make them yield:
 But on assurance he was near,
 Incumber'd, faint, and dead with fear;
 They made with hurry tow'rd the lakes;
 And he his pinions o'er them shakes:
 They had not (with such horror fill'd)
 The courage to let one be kill'd;
 They fled, and left no foe behind;
 Unless it were the fleeting wind;
 Only—a man by water took
 Two fine young merlins and a rook.

The family had now repose,
 But with the sun the Eagle rose;
 Th' imperial bird pursu'd the foe,
 More toil than rest inur'd to know.
 He wing'd his way to Latian land,
 Where first was hatch'd this murd'ring band;
 He darted death where'er he came,
 Some of them dying at his name.
 Their mighty foe—a fatal pledge,
 Their bowels tore thro' ev'ry hedge;
 They flutter, shriek, and caw, and hiss,
 Their strength decays and fears increase,
 But most the chevaliers the geese,
 So many slaughter'd fowl there was,
 Their carcasses block'd up the ways;

The rest he drove, half spent, pellmell,
Quite to the walls of Pontifell.

Robin at home, tho' mad to hear

He shou'd so conquer ev'ry where,

Expostulated thus with fear

"Ungrateful I that so have stirr'd

"Against this gen'rous noble bird:

"Wast thou not first by him preferr'd

"Let's leave him in his gall to burn,

"And back to Pontifell return."

There some to chimneytops aspire,

To turrets some that could fly higher;

Some 'bove a hundred miles were gone

To roost them at Byzantium.

Alas! in vain was their pretence;

He broke thro' all their strong defence:

Down went their fences, wires, and all;

Perches and birds together fall.

None hop'd his power to withstand,

But gave the nest to his command;

They told him of ten thousand more

In flocks along the Ganges' shore,

Safe in their furrows, free from trouble,

Like partridges among the stubble.

He spreads himself and cuts the air,

And steady flight soon brought him there.

Lord, how deceiv'd and vex'd he was

To find they were but mere jackdaws!

A hundred thousand all in flight,
They all could chatter, not one fight.

"I'll deal by them as is their due ;

"Shough!" cry'd the Eagle; "off they flew :"

His flashing eyes their heart confounds,

Tho' by their flight secure from wounds,

Which was a signal, fatal baulk

To a late swift Italian hawk,

The Eagle would no rest afford

Till he had sent my lady word,

Who when she heard the dear surprise

Wonder and joy stood in her eyes.

"My faithful Eagle! hast thou then

"My mortal foes destroy'd again ?

"Return, return, and on me wait ;

"Be thou the guardian of my gate :

"Thee and thy friends are worth my care ;

"Thy foes (if any such there are)

"Shall my avenging anger share."

So—lest new ills shou'd intervene

She turn'd the Robin out again.

The Samians now in vast delight

Bless their good lady day and night,

With that her life might ne'er be done,

But everlasting as the sun.

The Eagle high again did soar,

The lady was disturb'd no more,

But all things flourish'd as before.

ROBIN REDBREAST, WITH THE BEASTS,

AN OLD CAT'S PROPHECY *;

*Taken out of an old Copy of Verses supposed to be writ by
John Lidgate, a Monk of Bury.*

ONE that had in her infant state,
While playing at her father's gate,
Seen and was most hugely smitten
With young Dog and dirty Kitten,
Had took them up and lugg'd them in,
And made the servants wash them clean.

When she to a fit age was grown
To be sole mistress of her own,
Then to her favour and strange trust
She rais'd these two; in rank the first
The Dog, who with gilt collar grac'd
Strutted about. The Cat was plac'd
O'er all the house to domineer,
And kept each wight of her in fear,
While he o'er all the plains had pow'r,
That savage wolves might not devour
Her flocks. She gave him charge great care
To take; but beasts uncertain are!

Now see by these what troubles rise
To those who in their choice unwise

* The political drift of this pretended Prophecy is still more evident than that of the preceding poem, the satire being abundantly more personal.

Put trust in such; for he soon join'd;
 With beast of prey the Dog combin'd,
 Who kill'd the Sheep and tore the Hind,
 While he would stand, and grin, and bark,
 Concealing thus his dealings dark. 25
 A Wolf or so sometimes he'd take,
 And then O what a noise he'd make!
 But with wild beasts o'errun yet are
 The plains; some die for want of fare,
 Or torn or kill'd: the shepherds find 30
 Each day are lost of ev'ry kind.
 Thy silly Sheep lament in vain;
 Of their hard fate not him complain.
 The Shepherds and the servants all
 Against the traitor loudly bawl: 35
 But there was none that dar'd to tell
 Their lady what to them befel;
 For Puss a Fox of wondrous art
 Brought in to help and take their part,
 By whose assistance to deceive 40
 She made her ev'ry lie believe.

One lucky day when she was walking
 In her woods, with servants talking,
 And stopp'd to hear how very well
 A Redbreast sung, then him to dwell 45
 With her she call'd. He came, and took
 His place next to a fav'rite Rook,
 Where Robin soon began to sing
 Such songs as made the house to ring:

He sung the loss and death of Sheep 50
 In notes that made the lady weep;
 How for his charge the Dog unfit
 Took part with foes, and shepherds bit;
 Ev'n from his birth he did him trace,
 And shew him cur of shabby race; 55
 The first by wand'ring beggars fed;
 His fire advanc'd turn'd spit for bread;
 Himself each trust had still abus'd;
 To steal what he shou'd guard was us'd
 From puppy; known where'er he came 60
 Both vile and base, and void of shame.

The Cat he sung, that none could match
 For venom'd spite or cruel scratch;
 That from a witch transform'd she came,
 Who kitten'd three of equal fame: 65
 This first one dead, of tabby fur
 The third survives; much noise of her
 Had been; a Cat well known; with ease
 On errands dark o'er land and seas
 She 'd journies take to cub of Bear, 70
 From these intriguing beasts, who swear
 They 'll bring him to defend the wrong
 That they have done. Again he sung
 How Tabby once in moonlight night
 Trotted with letter Fox did write, 75
 In which he sends his best respects
 To the she bear, and thus directs:

"Madam," said he, "your cub safe send,

"None shall his worship soon offend;

"It is all I can at present do

"To serve him, as his friends well know."

At this the Beasts grew in such rage

That none their fury could assuage;

Nay, Puss her lady would have scratch'd,

And tore her eyes, but she was watch'd;

For she 'd set up her back and mew,

And thrice ev'n in her face she flew.

The Dog, like an ungrateful spark,

At her wou'd dare to snarl and bark.

Her tenants wond'ring stood to hear

That she their insolence wou'd bear;

And offer'd their assistance to

Soon make them better manners know;

But she, t' avoid all farther rout,

Her window op'ning turn'd Bob out,

Hoping that then her Beasts wou'd live

In peace, and no disturbance give.

Yet nothing she can do avails;

Their rage against her still prevails,

Tho' Puss was warn'd to fear their fate

In lines (by old **Prophetic Cat**

Writ before her transformation,

When she was in the witch's station)

Foretelling thus: "When Beasts are grown

"To certain heights before unknown

" Of human race, some shall aloud of blood and death
 " Inflame and arm a dreadful crowd,
 " Who in vast numbers shall advance,
 " And to new tunes shall make them dance :
 " When this begins no longer hope,
 " For all remains is ax and rope. 110

But not deterr'd by this, they dar'd,
 With some who of their plunder shar'd,
 T' affront their lady, and conspire
 To many with her money hire,
 Contemning her, to pay undue
 Regards unto this bestial crew ;
 Tho' these resembled human shapes,
 They were indeed no more than Apes,
 Who some in house, and some in wood, 120
 And others in high boxes stood,
 That chatt'ring made such noise and stir,
 How all was due to Fox and Cur,
 Till by their false deluding way
 She found her flocks begin to stray. 123

Still Robin does for her his care
 And zeal express ; on whom yet are
 His thoughts all fix'd : on her he dreams
 Each night ; her praises are his themes
 In songs all day. Now perch'd on tree, 130
 Finding himself secure and free,
 He pertly shakes his little wings,
 Sets up his throat ; again he sings

" That she had left no other way
 " To save her flocks and end this fray
 " But soon to her assistance take
 " One who could make these monsters shake;
 " A well-known huntsman, who has skill
 " The fiercest beasts to tame or kill:
 " At her command he 'd come, and he
 " Would make her great and set them free
 " That shou'd these Beasts some evil day
 " Bring Cub into her grounds, she may
 " Depend that not herself they 'll spare,
 " Since to insult her now they dare;
 " All she at best can hope for then
 " Is to be safe shut up in den;
 " Since by sure signs all these ingrate
 " Are known to bear her deadly hate."

He ends his song, and prays to Heav'n
 That she may have the wisdom giv'n
 Before it be too late, to take
 Such resolutions as may make
 Her safe, and that these Beasts no more
 To ravage in the plains have pow'r.

BIBLIOTHECA; A POEM;

OCCASIONED BY THE SIGHT OF

A MODERN LIBRARY.

WITH

SOME VERY USEFUL EPISODES AND DIGRESSIONS.

—Ridiculum acri

Fortius et mollior magnas plerunque ferat res.

—Utile dulci.

HOR.

TO the most noble Prince Henry Duke of Beaufort, Marquis and Earl of Worcester, Earl of Glamorgan, Baron Herbert, Lord of Ghepflow, Ragland, and Gower, and the illustrious Brotherhood over which his Grace presides, this Poem is humbly dedicated by their most obedient, most dutiful, and humble servant.

THE tea was supp'd, Ocella gone
To regulate affairs alone,

* This is ascribed to Dr. King upon conjecture only. It was published in 1712, the winter before he died, by his bookseller, inscribed to his patron, and is very much in his manner: his name is accordingly affixed to the author's notes. The poem is on many accounts worth preserving; and if it is not Dr. King's, it is at least not by an inferior writer.

† The Duke was Captain of the band of Gentlemen Pensioners. Though the interests of virtue and religion are best secured by the severest reason and argument, yet I hope a less solemn recommendation of them to the world may not be esteemed a prejudice to either. How oft' has a stubborn folly been successfully arraigned by a candid and easy rebuke; which had long maintained itself against a more powerful though a less familiar conviction! If we can smile away the follies of an adversary, sport with his vanities, and laugh him into a sense of his errors, why should we forfeit that exquisite pleasure of complacency and good humour which a malicious conflict

Volume II.

F

When from the marriage lumber freed
 The Doctor with himself decreed
 To nod—or, much the same, to read.
 He always seem'd a wondrous lover
 Of painted leaf and Turkey cover,

}
 5

with a rival would most certainly deprive us of? If we miscarry in an attempt of this nature our defeat would be the less dishonourable, because we seemed only to play and trifle with the mistakes of an author; but should we, under the mask of a little raillery, wit, and good humour, obtain our end, it would double our satisfaction as well as the glory of our conquest. Two important debates of the utmost consequence in religion (Eachard's Contempt of the Clergy, and Philautus and Timothy) have with wonderful applause lately appeared in the world; the beauties of their authors' style, the purity of their diction, the elegant turn of thought, and above all a torrent of severe but good-natured wit, drew a thousand readers to peruse an hypothesis they little imagined ever to espouse; but they were insensibly deluded into good principles, and betrayed into a conviction of those very truths they came on purpose to deride and ridicule: where they expected to gratify a fancy only, they found a more real advantage in the reformation of their judgment, and from admirers of the authors' wit and beauties became at last proselytes to their opinions. If in two or three instances I have transgressed my own rules, the fool or the knave must be imagined very notorious; and that those tender and merciful lashes that were judged sufficient for little offenders would hardly have reached the vanities of the one or the villanies of the other: and if I am thought to have injured any person in his character, or to have said as much as I am able, I must beg leave to assure the world that it was owing to abundance of humanity and good-nature I did not say a great deal more; and would rather advise them to sit easy and quiet under the innocent rebukes of a satire, than provoke others to prepare that correction which their ignorance, their impudence, or both, have so justly deserved. *King.*

While no regard at all was had
 To sots in homely ruffet clad,
 Concluding he must be within
 A calf that wore without his skin.
 Scott * if in rags was not admir'd,
 While Lacy † seem'd as much inspir'd,
 And in rich purple nicely drest
 Discours'd as faintly as the best.
 Great Sherlock, Barrow, and those few
 That teach our passions to subdue,
 Without gilt backs he would despise,
 Which seem'd at best but dully wise;
 And Bunyan's Pilgrim shew'd the way
 To Paradise as well as they.

But tho' his thoughts were fix'd to read
 The treatise was not yet decreed;
 Uncertain to devote the day
 To politicks or else to play,
 What theme would best his genius suit,
 Grave morals or a dull dispute;
 Where both contending champions boast
 The victory which neither lost,
 As chiefs are oft' in story read
 Each to pursue when neither fled ‡.

* John Scott, D. D. author of *The Christian Life*, 5 vols.

† A whimsical odd fellow, and a preacher among the Camisars. *King*.—Lacy was one of those enthusiasts who supported the French prophets.

‡ See the battle of Mons 1709. *King*.

He enters now the shining dome
 Where crowded authors sweat for room;
 So close a man could hardly say
 Which were more fix'd the shelves or they. 35
 Each with his golden title tells
 It's author's name and where he dwells,
 And to enlarge his credit more
 Directs us to his very door,
 Boasting of wonders to be seen 40
 If we have faith to look within.

To please the eye the highest space
 A set of wooden volumes grace;
 Pure timber authors that contain
 As much as some that boast a brain; 45
 That Alma Mater never view'd
 Without degrees to writers hew'd;
 Yet solid thus just emblem show
 Of the dull brotherhood below,
 Smiling their rivals to survey 50
 As great and real blocks as they.

Distinguish'd then in even rows
 Here shines the verse and there the prose;
 (For tho' Britannia fairer looks
 United, it is not so with books.) 55
 The champions of each different art
 Had stations all assign'd apart,
 Fearing the rival chiefs might be
 For quarrels still, nor dead agree.

The Schoolmen first in long array 60
 Their bulky lumber round display,
 Seem'd to lament their wretched doom,
 And heave for more convenient room,
 While doctrine each of weight contains
 To crack his shelves as well as brains, 65
 Since all with him were thought to dream
 That flagg'd before they fill'd a rheam;
 His authors wisely taught to prize
 Not for their merit but their size:
 No surer method ever found 70
 Than buying writers by the pound;
 For Heav'n must needs his breast inspire
 That scribbling fill'd each month a quire,
 And claim'd a station on his shelves
 Who scorn'd each sot who fool'd in twelves. 75

Say, Goddess! thou that tak'st delight
 To live and lodge with folks that write,
 What numbers justly may describe
 The orders of the learned tribe?
 Fierce wits that long at variance stood, 80
 And drew much ink but little blood,
 Each others' pardon now implore,
 The cudgels drop and snarl no more,
 And filling now the selfsame place
 No longer combat but embrace. 85

Here vanquish'd Bentley, dreading still
 The force of Boyle's victorious quill,

All suppliant now devoutly swore
 He ne'er wou'd question Æsop more,
 But own each page authentick flood
 Some centuries before the flood;
 Who tho' the tyrant's bull of brass
 Did for a mighty wonder pass,
 On purpose wrote to have it known
 He made much bigger of his own. 95

Maurus* and Garth their feuds survive,
 And here in endless friendship live;
 Kindly concurring, now impart
 Their healing pow'r and rhyming art;
 Unrivall'd heroes both confess } 100
 To close a life or break a jest, }
 And both with both Apollo's† blest.
 But who can mention Maurus' name
 Without a line to crown his fame?
 Upon whose brows inspiring hung } 105
 Large poppy wreaths whene'er he sung, }
 Whose kindred rhymes their nature keep,
 Gently disposing folks to sleep.
 Then say, great Mirror of our time!
 (Not half so fam'd for cures as rhyme) } 110
 Why shouldst thou other means pursue }
 'To heal with drugs when verse will do? }
 Five tender Cistichs from those strains
 Where Arthur moans and Job complains

* Sir Richard Blackmore.

† The god of Medicine and Verse.

Shall ever boast a pow'r to sleep 115
 The wakefull eyes in downy sleep.
 When strongest opiates nought avail
 Prescribe thy Muse; it will never fail;
 Ne'er trouble physick with a cure;
 Each page of thine will work as sure: 120
 With whatsoever ills oppress
 'Tis sure to give thy patient rest.

See next the Mantuan bard appears,
 And in his hand th' *Aeneid* bears;
 Ten thousand laurels round him spread 125
 Bloom ready to adorn his head,
 Their greens too languid to bestow
 That fame which to his verse we owe,
 Such magick fills each heav'nly line,
 We read, and reading grow divine! 130
 Conscious we feel the ecstasy,
 And seem inspir'd as well as he;
 With him we soaring gain the skies,
 Yet know not whence or how we rise;
 But see what clouds of sullen wo 135
 Sadly obscure his laurell'd brow!
 While the bright glory that surrounds
 His sacred head his sorrow drowns
 In vain the weeping Muse essays
 To ease his grief with proffer'd bays; 140
 Tho' fam'd beyond the starry sky
 She vow'd th' *Aeneid* ne'er shou'd die!

But while we thus his grief explore,
 Oh! view the cause, nor wonder more:
 See closely fix'd on either hand
 His two translators* near him stand,
 Oblig'd to hear them both rehearse
 His wondrous song in doggrel verse,
 Thus doom'd to all succeeding times
 To gingle in dull British rhymes.
 "He never thought, great Bard! to see
 "His Roman ladies sipping tea,
 "Divine Lavinia taking snuff,
 "Or grave Æneas charge in buff,
 "Against his Latian foes advance
 "With musket now instead of lance,
 "While mighty Turnus owes his fall
 "Not to a jav'lin but a ball,
 "Shot thro' the belly in the fray,
 "Expiring a genteeler way."

Had Withers, Shirley, or the good
 Laureate of Cambridge near him stood,
 No wrinkle had been seen; nay more,
 Ev'n R——ll's self he could have bore,
 (Where Nature taking wondrous pains
 To furnish guts ne'er thought of brains)
 But doom'd to perish by a foe,
 Yet hug the arm that gave the blow;
 A fate was look'd on too severe
 For Heav'n to fix or him to bear.

* Ogleby and Lauderdale. King.

So much unlike appear'd their strains
 To those he sung on Latin plains,
 (Begging their readers to dispense
 With pretty cuts instead of sense)
 That from those lines their pencil drew
 Scarce his own self great Maro knew,
 Till honest Loggan * let him see
 In copperplates it must be he;
 No longer then he could refuse,
 But from the cuts confess'd the Muse.

Oh! who can view without a tear
 Great Pindar's Muse and D'Urfey near?
 Whose soaring wit no'er higher flew
 Than to endite for Bartholomew,
 Setting for lots at country fairs
 Dull bawdy songs to Purcell's airs;
 But here how sweetly they combine,
 Their fancies club and numbers join!
 While the bold Grecian nobly sings
 Of gods, of heroes, and of kings,
 And something more than mortal fire
 Exalts his voice and warms his lyre,
 That fir'd with each transporting page
 We feel his heat and catch his rage;
 While each immortal warrior's name
 His Muse transmits to deathless fame,
 Green wreaths upon their heads bestows,
 And ev'ry wound immortal grows!

* An engraver of singular eminence.

But much, oh! very much below
 Our meek Pindaricks gently flow,
 In soft and easy metre creep,
 And just oblige us not to sleep
 While lovers storm and heroes weep.
 Let thy dull Pegasus no more
 To Lyrick song attempt to soar,
 Nor with thy weight presume to rise
 With rival strength above the skies,
 Which trots much better than he flies.
 Let Pindar's Muse record the flames
 Of heav'nly nymphs, celestial dames;
 Be thou content to whine, and tell
 How Strephon charm'd and Phyllis fell;
 Or with that willow grace thy song
 Where late despairing Chloe hung,
 While the sad tree the story owns,
 Sprouting each May with sighs and groans,
 Which fann'd with zephirs never fail
 To waft abroad the doleful tale,
 And shall to future times remain
 Sacred to Love and Chloe slain.
 Bright heroes in thy list shall stand
 In modern brunts that held command,
 Whose bold adventures shall outshine
 The heroes all of Cæsar's line.
 Brave Arthur and his daring crew
 Shall kill each mother's son they view,

And great Pendragon's fatal blade
 Convert each foe into a shade;
 Guy for Alcides shall command,
 And Highgate for Olympus stand. 230

See next, in purple seated high,
 A dazzling wit * attracts the eye,
 Inviting with his radiant hue
 If not to read at least to view;

Tho' his dark low'ring aspect shows 235
 That Nature meant the fool for prose,
 To waste his little sense and time
 In broaching any thing but rhyme.

Yet by degrees the wretch arose
 To trade in verse from vending hose †, 240
 And still in Nature's spite thinks meet
 Tho' not in socks to deal in feet.

The toothless satire that he writes
 No other but its author bites,
 (Like those mistaken curs of yore 245
 That for the stag their master tore)
 Where harmless Pun and witty Clinch

Mumble sometimes but never pinch,
 And aiming at a wound are sure
 To give us smiles and work our cure. 250
 Hadst thou no other damning crime
 Justice might fairly urge thy rhyme:

* De Foe: he wrote a dull scandalous libel on all the English nobility, called The trueborn Englishman. King.

† De Foe's first profession.

Heav'n's votaries have still pretence
 To piety, at least to sense;
 But villains dull as well as rude
 A double justice must exclude.
 If e'er thy sins thou dost rehearse
 Be sure in tears clap in thy verse;
 Pardon for that with sighs implore,
 Confess thy guilt and write no more;
 Content to match thy fame with those
 That live and asses die in prose;
 But if no counsel can reclaim
 Thy daring pen, and fancy tame,
 That engine view *, where lately hung
 Thy Muse and thee exalted sung:
 Let that at least engage thy fears,
 And drop thy pen to save thy ears;
 Oh, of what strange and pow'rful use
 Are pill'ries to inspire a Muse!
 Hark, in what hymns and grateful lays
 The pendent bard resounds their praise!
 From rotten eggs that round him flew
 His happy inspirations drew,
 Whose balmy scent inspir'd his vein
 To send them back in verse again.
 Oh, help, Apollo! now is the time
 To save thy son for future rhyme!

* He wrote an infamous libel called *The Shortest Way*, for which he was apprehended and stood in the pillory, to which afterwards he wrote a Hymn. *King.*

See on his wooden throne dismay'd
 He peeping thro' implores thy aid;
 The only time he ever pray'd;
 And begs thee to relieve his wants
 In Helicon or kinder Naxos;
 A liquor of as sov'reign use
 As Aganippe's noble juice
 To raise and chear his dropping Muse!
 See round his venerable head
 Bright turnip greens for laurel spread!
 The lustre that his temples crown'd
 In fable show'rs of ordure drown'd!
 Yet, Phœbus! let this wretch survive;
 Revenge thyself and let him live!
 (Ador'd by those his saucy Muse
 In scoundrel satire durst abuse,
 Where oft' the starving villain fed,
 Cring'd for a groat, and fawn'd for bread)
 Atoning thus for each offence
 Committed against thee and sense,
 Till all the stuff the idiot wrote
 Will scarce gain credit for a groat,
 Till, starv'd and rotting in a jail,
 He trucks his poetry for ale;
 (Too richly paid if his three parts
 Will fetch him in as many quarts)
 And should his boasted labours bring
 But pence beside to buy a string,

Let him th' experiment to try
 Swing his own Shortest Way and die!
 Chaucer, the chief of all the throng
 That whilom dealt in ancient song
 (Whose laurell'd fame shall never cease
 While wit can charm or humour please)
 Lies all in tatters on the ground,
 With dust instead of laurels crown'd,
 Teaching mankind that poets have
 With vulgar wits one common grave;
 That all their boasted labours must
 Like other folks submit to dust,
 Partake their fate the common way,
 And verse itself be turn'd to clay;
 That none shall tell while mix'd we lie
 Which mighty Spenser was, which I,
 Nor, in one common dungeon thrust,
 John Dryden's from John Bunyan's dust:
 Empty alike both skulls we view,
 Of the same thickness, form, and hue,
 Unknowing now which pate contains
 The greater stock of sense or brains;
 While Bunyan here is ev'ry whit
 As bright, and looks as like a wit,
 For the grim jaw of hungry Time
 Has no regard at all for rhyme,
 But bluntly down together mows
 Wits fam'd for verse as well as prose,

Commanding oft' the selfsame hearse 335
 To hide the poet and the verse,
 While sweetly in one common fire
 The labour and the bard expire.
 This Tutchin found, whose works a while
 With melting softness charm'd our isle, 340
 But when their dying lord withdrew
 They took the hint and vanish'd too
 Thus Job * and thus the British Prince *
 Were once, but never heard of since.

The Muse that in immortal lays 345
 So nobly sung Eliza's praise,
 (Extoll'd beneath a fancy'd name,
 No Fairy but a British dame)
 With all his boasted pow'r to save
 All other laurels from the grave, 350
 In a dark corner rudely thrown
 Now wants a pow'r to save his own:
 Tho' Heav'n itself his bosom fir'd,
 And all the god his breast inspir'd,
 That Phœbus self from Spenser's Muse 355
 Might softer strains and numbers chuse,
 Make Daphne listen to his lay,
 And force the flying nymph to stay,
 With all his wit deserves no more
 Than a poor shelf behind the door; 360

* Two poems by Sir Richard Blackmore. King.

G ij

His heroes in each warlike page
 In hotter feuds must now engage,
 And foes more dreadful here withstand
 Than all they drubb'd in Fairy Land.
 Regardless now of ravish'd dame,
 Each guards a custard from the flame,
 Tho' whilom they disdain'd to lie
 Bencath so weak an enemy.
 Brave Gyon and Sir Britomart
 Instead of nymphs protect a tart;
 Tho' once averse to warm desire
 Are destin'd now to fall by fire;
 All his brave chiefs in order fry,
 And ev'ry warrior saves a pie.
 Melodious Wither by himself
 In leamed tatters bends a shelf,
 Tho' none so base as to dispute
 His title to a better suite;
 He sadly moans, expos'd to air,
 His cover thin and liv'ry bare,
 Griming with envy to behold
 His meaner rivals shine in gold,
 Thy dying Muse when urg'd by Fate
 Might sure have claim'd to lie in state;
 Tho' living scorn'd, and never read,
 Like other things admir'd when dead;
 But see! she hardly is allow'd,
 Mingled among the common crowd,
 The wretched honours of a shroud,

But both together must decay,
 Kindly consume and turn to clay:
 No curious eye shall e'er presume
 To alter her appointed doom,
 Her peaceful labours to molest,
 But seal them up in endless rest,
 That sleep allow her in the grave
 Which she to all when living gave.
 Close by the door, if not behind,
 Poor Ovid had a place assign'd,
 And in a musty corner pent
 Begg'd for a second banishment;
 With all his wit close ramm'd between
 Two rival bards of Aberdeen,
 The first of all the northern clime
 That turn'd adventurers in rhyme,
 To teach mankind and let them see
 How zeal and verse may well agree,
 And that such pious folks as they
 Can rhyme sometimes as well as pray.
 Instead of Aganippe's flood
 From British streams each drank as good,
 And boasted hills as high as that
 Where Phœbus and his Muses sat,
 With this small difference alone,
 That had two heads and our's but one.
 Tho' no soft Tiber rolls along
 To aid their verse and raise their song,

Great Humber's stream and Solway's tide
 As full of inspiration glide;
 With fancies fraught their waters flow,
 And roll with raptures as they go
 Instead of Virgil's sacred page
 That us'd his wonder to engage,
 He now attends the rigid fights
 Of doughty heroes, hardy knights,
 One leg lopp'd off, that urg'd her foe
 As fierce as when they fought on two
 For Turnus great Argyle commands,
 And Douglas for Æneas stands,
 'Tho' Kincardine appear too long
 To rhyme in verse and British song,
 What hero in the Latian Muse
 E'er founded half so big as Bruce!
 Entail'd more glory on his race
 Than his bold sword in Chevy Chase!
 Where doughty chiefs renown'd for fight
 Obscur'd the Roman valour quite,
 Whose silly arms upon record
 Were only vulgar pike and sword,
 While these with gun and pistol found
 A nearer way their foes to wound.

Behold the bard whose daring pen
 The squabbles drew 'twixt gods and men
 Alone upon a dusty shelf
 Describe their combats by himself:

For ages past no mortal fight
 Had once beheld the furious fight;
 None knowing if the champions stout
 Engag'd in armour or without;
 Whether the foe attack'd the wall
 With batt'ring ram or iron ball;
 How the fam'd Troy at length was won
 With horse of timber or of bone.
 The weeping queen of Beauty found
 No reader to lament her wound;
 And not a soul for years had read
 Whose troops pursu'd, whose legions fled;
 While Heav'n's kind aid both sides invoke
 How Jove himself receiv'd a stroke
 And no celestial med'cine found
 Took up with balsam for his wound;
 But binding on his plaster, swore
 He ne'er wou'd leave Olympus more,
 Or peep from heav'n's securer shades
 To view again such fighting blades;
 Who warring for so fair a prize
 Had no regard for deities;
 How Paris free from hostile jars
 Engag'd at home in softer wars;
 Bad rival heroes strive for fame,
 In deathless annals write their name,
 While blest'd with Helen's lovely eyes
 They shar'd the blows and he the prize!

In Beauty's cause his youth employ'd,
 And as they conquer'd he enjoy'd. 473
 Oh! who can thus unmov'd descry
 The great Mæonian poorly lie
 Entomb'd in dust, nor on his hearse
 Kindly bestow one grateful verse?
 Shall states contend his birthright's fame, 480
 And we not tremble at his name,
 Our great arrears of duty pay
 And gratitude as well as they?
 Without a tear his heroes view,
 New labours urge, new toils pursue, 485
 More fatal far than all they bore
 On fam'd Scamander's bleeding shore?
 Great Priam in a kite ascends,
 And Hector's self a casement mends;
 New trials for their valour find 490
 Instead of men to combat wind;
 The sturdy Greek, whose hardy hide
 Could strokes of oak or steel abide,
 And, worn instead of hardest buff,
 Was deem'd both sword and cudgel proof, 495
 Is strangely now surpris'd to feel
 More places mortal than his heel:
 But heroes well such slights may bear
 When gods themselves no better fare.
 Hermes, accusom'd to the skies, 500
 Aloft in fiery rockets flies,

Swifter than when from Jove he flew
To bear some am'rous billet-doux;
And warn the unexpected dame
To dress before his Highness came.

Phœbus with all his lustre bright
Is trimm'd to deck a Christmas light,
(All other lights exceeding far,
As he himself outshines a star)

Till the bright god that all things burns
Flaming himself to ashes turns.
The mighty Mars, for all he looks
Ere both in battles and in books,

Stript of his armour, on the floor
All peaceful lies and struts no more!
With Juno's wondrous witty speech
Ocella fairly wip'd her breech;

Her birth and godhead nought avail,
Preferr'd to jakes from Madam's tail,

Gallus *, whose numbers oft have charm'd
The coyest nymph and coldest warm'd,
(Doubly oblig'd to see and hear
The verse so sweet and he so fair)

Is doom'd by too severe a fate
To sing within an inch of Tare!
While both beneath the selfsame leather,
Like fair and foul in April weather,

Kindly concord and rhyme together.

* John Sheffield Duke of Buckinghamshire.

Thus have I often at a play,
Survey'd a nymph profusely gay,
With all the charms of nature grac'd,
Close by some wrinkled beldam plac'd,
Oblig'd to hear the dowdy thing
Her triumphs boast and conquest sing,
Whose breath the want of charms supplies,
And kills more certain than her eyes.

Oh! quickly, beautiful queen of Love,
Thy suff'ring fav'rite hence remove;
With thy own hand thy darling bring
Where Addison and Congreve sing,
(By whose harmonious art and care
Thy matchless beauties shine more fair)
To Prior join his rival bays,
Or, list'ning to soft Cowley's lays,
Let him intent on Waller's lyre
To reach his daring flights aspire,
To Heav'n the wondrous Muse pursue
With equal strength and softness too.

Hark, how thy Isis' weeping shore
Begins thy absence to deplore!
And all her pensive nymphs in vain
Recall thee to her banks again;
No more their drooping heads they rear
Above their waves thy song to hear,
While in their breast a double fire
Thy musick and thy charms inspire,

Then gently fall beneath the tide
 Their blushes and thy pow'r to hide:
 See how her swans their pride forego,
 In murm'ring sighs confess their woe;
 Stretch'd on their wat'ry beds they lie,
 And all their oozy pasture fly;
 No more with silver wings divide
 And downy breasts the parting tide,
 As when with eager haste they flew
 Thy distant musick to pursue,
 And by thy voice instructed, try
 To charm more softly as they die!
 But while great Beaufort's acts inspire
 Demand his voice and claim his lyre,
 Bright to record the patriot's name
 In verse as lasting as his fame,
 Thy smiling Thames forgets his woe,
 Relinquish the Muse, and bid her go
 Nobly to sing in deathless lays
 Her own beneath the hero's praise.

Immortal Camden * there complains,
 Cursing a critick's usefess pains;
 In modern charms expos'd to view
 He scarce his own Britannia knew;
 Adorn'd with wonders which his eye,
 A lover's tho', could never spy:
 Here he beholds huge forests rise
 From Danish blood and meet the skies,

* See Dr. Gibson's edition of Camden. *King.*

While each complaining tree records
 The fate of their unhappy lords;
 There elder weeps from bleeding vein
 Great Sueno's fall and Canute slain;
 While winter flow'rs each rolling year
 Gay on their verdant stalks appear,
 Bloom from the celebrated thorn*,
 Mincepies and windows to adorn,
 Which some imagin'd, tho' untruly,
 Not in December born, but July;
 See, drawn by his enchanting hand,
 Britannia seems a Fairy Land;
 Druids and Bards frequent each grove;
 And nymphs in ev'ry thicket move;
 To streams and cooling shades retire,
 Kindly to bless some gentle squire,
 Unwilling yet too far to stray
 For fear of Satyrs in the way;
 Spenser, who sent his chiefs so far
 To purchase fame in feats of war;
 Might here, not forc'd abroad to roam,
 Have met with giants nearer home,
 His heroes trembling to defy
 Fierce Tudor or victorious Guy:
 'Twas pity Sidney's † fam'd design
 So long, great Sage! preceded thine;

* See Camden's Britannia. King.

† The Arcadian King.

Philoclea else the crown had worn,
 And Musidorus here been born;
 Close by her vanquish'd lover's side
 The fair Parthenia too had dy'd.
 Thy ev'ry page presents our sight 615
 With chiefs as brave and dames as bright
 As in her fam'd Arcadian plain
 Romantick Greece could ever feign,
 And for the time to come shall store us
 With warriors great as Musidorus, 620
 And ev'ry grove oblige our sight
 With virgins as Pamela bright,
 That furnish'd with fair rural dames,
 Protecting squires and lovers' flames,
 We ne'er shall want a chief for fight 625
 While thou and great Cervantes write.

One day the Doctor quite o'ercome
 With luscious tales of Greece and Rome,
 Instead of taking tea or air
 Does to the female world repair 630 }
 To please himself among the fair,
 (Where if no sense was to be found
 He is sure to be oblig'd with sound.)
 Sappho had softness, but her song
 Was jargon all in such a tongue, 635
 Requiring too much pains to seek
 And labour for her wit in Greek,

Which would have edify'd as much
 Recorded in Chinese or Dutch.
 Dacier, tho' penn'd with so much ease,
 Too much a critick seem'd to please;
 But being courtly and wellbred,
 And pleas'd with that he never read,
 Smiling on ev'ry page she writ
 Takes her on trust to be a wit.
 Italian dames his ears surprise
 With harmony of O's and I's:
 So soft the tender vowels chime
 No harsher sense e'er marr'd the rhyme;
 Of strength depriv'd more gently flow,
 And warble musically low:
 But when his searching judgment found
 Neglecting sense they study'd found,
 To British dames he next apply'd
 For that which Greece and Rome deny'd,
 And fought amidst our tuneful fair
 A song more grateful to his ear,
 Where harmony with strength conspir'd
 To make the verse and nymphs admir'd.
 Wh—n * the coldest breast might move
 But that she talk'd too much of love,

* Probably the first wife of the Marquis of Wharton, who Mr. Walpole says was a poetess, and has an article in The General Dictionary.

Of burning flames and hot desire,
 That ev'ry line was red with fire.
 Singer *, by name and nature made
 For musick and the rhyming trade, 665
 For her weak genius soar'd too high,
 And lost her Muse above the sky:
 A flaming sun, a radiant light,
 In ev'ry verse distract our sight,
 Diffuse their dazzling beams from far, 670
 And not one line without a star!
 Thro' streams of light we seem to rove
 And tread on shining orbs above.

Orinda † next demands his view,
 For titles fam'd and rhyming too; 675
 And had been read, but that her song
 To be admir'd was quite too long.
 Their mistress' want of pride to show
 Her numbers glide but wondrous low;
 Instead of rapture give us sleep, 680
 And striving to be humble creep.
 Philips in verse her passion told,
 Intreats the youth to be less cold,
 Begs him while Nature charms denies 685
 To mind her wit and not her eyes;
 Instructs the novice how to woo,
 And shews what little art will do

* Afterwards the celebrated Mrs. Rowe.

† Mrs. Phillips.

A virgin's yielding heart to move,
 And melt a breast inclin'd to love!
 Softness her want of sense supplies,
 She faints in ev'ry line and dies;
 Again resumes her tender strain,
 And only lives to die again.

Unhappy Maid! correct thy Muse,
 Some nearer way to wedlock chuse;
 She warbles with so ill a grace
 Thy airs are coarser than thy face,
 And will be found (believe me) still
 To frighten ten for one they kill.

Dear Phyllis! then leave off in time,
 Lovers are ne'er trepann'd by rhyme;
 Thy bobbins or thy needle take,
 Each will as deep impressions make;
 And to enjoy the youth's embrace
 Cashier thy Muse and stick to lace.

A crowd of other females past
 Whose fame for verse shall ever last
 While artless sounds our soul disarm
 And musick void of sense can charm.
 Immortal Behn * at last he spy'd;
 "Hail, beauteous Nymph!" the lover cry'd;
 "See at your feet I prostrate bow,
 "Neglecting ev'ry fair for you;

* Mrs. Aphora Behn.

" Their worthless labours tumbling o'er
 " In haste your beauties to adore,
 " With your bright features or your quill
 " Arm'd with a double pow'r to kill!"

But as no mortal thing below
 Can long survive without a foe,
 Here he beholds in triumph sit
 The bane * of beauty, sense, and wit,
 Demolish'd distichs round his head,
 Half lines and shatter'd stanzas spread,
 While the insulting conq'ror climbs
 O'er mighty heaps of ruin'd rhymes,
 And proudly mounted views from high
 Beneath th' harmonious fragments lie,
 Boasting himself from foes secur'd
 In stanzas lodg'd, in verse immur'd:
 Furious the lover silence broke,
 And thus red-hot with vengeance spoke:

" And could thy squeamish stomach chuse
 " To feast on nothing but a Muse?
 " Nought else thy courtly palate hit
 " But virgin sense and female wit?
 " My fav'rite nymph to nib and waste
 " To pleasure thy luxurious taste?
 " Seldom content to sup or dine
 " Without a distich or a line?

* A Moth. Aug.

Hij

- " Making those rhymes thy hunger fed, 740
 " Each day thy food, each night thy bed?
 " Proudly aspiring thus to lie
 " In sheets of downy poetry?
 " On twenty more design'd to be
 " Fit nourishment for such as thee 743
 " Thou mightst have fed or made a seat in,
 " Publish'd alone but to be eaten,
 " Volumes fit only for a nest
 " Where vermine such as thou should rest.
 " Hadst thou chose rather to be pent in 750
 " The councils Lateran or Tridentine,
 " (As many an honest insect feeds
 " On canons and outlandish creeds)
 " Meanly to no one dish confin'd,
 " Thou mightst have great as Caesar din'd; 755
 " Cloy'd with insipid verse have chose
 " To diet on more sav'ry prose;
 " In mighty folios lodg'd been able
 " Greatly each day to shift thy table,
 " And found materials to assuage 760
 " Thy hunger in each fruitful page:
 " Or if decrees and councils shew'd
 " For courtly tastes too mean a food,
 " On wars and battles, seldom read,
 " Thou mightst without offence have fed; 765
 " Thy rage the warriors' should outdo,
 " Eating up fights and heroes too,

" In spite of all their guns and steel
 " Devour a champion at each meal ;
 " Philippi but one feast wou'd yield,
 " And scarce so much Pharsalia's field ; 770
 " Great Ammon's son must here submit
 " To be demolish'd at a bit ;
 " All others conq'ring doom'd to be
 " Subdu'd at last by puny thee ! 775
 " But say, while fifty more as good,
 " If not for sense at least for food,
 " Crowded on ev'ry shelf appear,
 " Why, envious Vermine ! only here ?
 " See, from their fair apartment drove, 780
 " Here sprawls a Cupid there a Love ;
 " Unarm'd the young immortals show
 " This wants a shaft and that a bow,
 " And tears in mighty streams distil,
 " Robb'd of their tools to wound and kill. 785
 " Fair Venus in a pensive mood
 " Sadly laments her mumbled hood,
 " That nought beside a veil of lawn
 " Was o'er her radiant shoulders drawn,
 " While two meals more without my care 790
 " Had stripp'd the blushing goddess bare.
 " Nor does fair Beauty's wounded queen
 " Confess alone thy little spleen ;
 " The Muse whom brighter charms adorn
 " Laments herself in pieces torn. 795

- " See, scatter'd round thy dark abode,
 " Here lies a satire there an ode
 " Ceasing thro' thy malignant spite
 " Or this to praise or that to bite:
 " And Elegy, but now too late,
 " Laments her own untimely fate,
 " Those tears design'd for lovers' moan
 " Sadly applying to her own;
 " A limping line there wants a foot,
 " The rhyme nibb'd off and sense to boot,
 " And mangled now without a close
 " Degen'rates into rumbling prose;
 " A solitary verse alone,
 " His partner quite devour'd and gone,
 " There weeps he can no longer chime
 " And warble with his fellow-rhyme;
 " With the sad dismal loss perplex'd
 " He strives to gingle with the next,
 " His strength the same and softness too,
 " But wanting sound it must not do.
 " Say then, before this murd'ring thumb
 " Relentless seals thy certain doom,
 " What art or cunning can repair
 " The ruins of the injur'd fair,
 " Patch up her musick, and restore
 " The nymph harmonious as before?
 " But see, too proud to make amends,
 " (As silence still on guilt attends)

"Speechless the vermine turns away
 "With not one single word to say, 825
 "Confessing thus the bloody crime
 "Of wounding wit and murd'ring rhyme.
 "Take then a life, propitious Maid
 "Sent to atone thy wand'ring shade;
 "Tho' vile the gift, it is yet the most 830
 "I now can give thy injur'd ghost:
 "But let one foe thus nobly slain
 "Thy reeking altar serve to stain,
 "Till thousands more before thy eye
 "To please thy glutt'd vengeance die, 835
 "Thy soul thus giving by their doom
 "Thro' endless scenes of bliss to roam."

Diverted from the doleful song
 He still seem'd eager to prolong,
 Horace in sad and mournful strains 840
 To list'ning Phœbus thus complains:

"Patron of Verse, and god of Days!
 "Inspirer of our voice and lays,
 "Permit me in some dismal cell
 "With Goths or Leyden bards to dwell, 845
 "Or to consume my wretched time
 "Twixt Dublin verse and Glasgow rhyme;
 "Nay, to augment my last despair,
 "Place Ayloffe's * self and Marvell † there,

* Captain Ayloffe, author of Marvell's Ghost.

† The satire on Marvell is wonderfully misplaced.

" (A fam'd dull pair, that purely wrote 850
 " To raise our spleen and die forgot)
 " If suff'ring thus my works may be
 " From criticks and translators free;
 " Or in one wish, to sum up all
 " The plagues that can a wretch befall, 855
 " May it be doom'd my harder fate
 " To read whatever they translate,
 " And hear for great Augustus' name
 " In dull heroicks Arthur's fame,
 " His fire in modern story pass 860
 " For what my lov'd Mæcenias was;
 " Let theirs exceed my hero's praise
 " To save my Muse from Creech and bays!"

A Proteus* wit almost escapes
 That writes and fools in fifty shapes, 865
 To please in ev'ry art prepar'd,
 An Atheist now, and now a bard;
 Physician straight, another time
 Projecting tools to work in rhyme,
 Or forging odd receipts to make 870
 Verse duller than his Worship's take.
 Horace, most courtly grown and kind,
 Exactly speaks the poet's mind,
 Stands sponsor by his worth and fame
 To guard his infant Muse from shame; 875

* See The Mortality of the Soul, and Licentia Poetica discussed, written by Dr. Coward. *King*.

Whilst he in mighty secrets deals,
 And beauties long obscur'd reveals,
 Does from his own prescriptions fall,
 Gives fifty rules, and breaks them all;
 Tho' he that farthest from them strays 880
 Bids fairest much to win the bays.
 From verse he hastens to dispute
 Himself into a nobler brute;
 Greatly resolv'd his murd'ring quill
 Should certain as his physick kill, 885
 He needs would have mankind control
 The universe without a soul;
 That matter nicely wrought and spun
 Might all those mighty seats have done
 Which ancient dotards were inclin'd 890
 To attribute to Thought and Mind.
 Thus as the threads are drawn it hits,
 The coarse are fools, the fine ones wits,
 While others of a middle size
 Prove harmless things, not dull nor wise; 895
 And hence it plainly comes to pass
 That Coward is now what Sternhold was,
 Because in Nature's forming list
 His threads were of a clumsy twist,
 And Chance had so contriv'd his doom 900
 To draw him from a hobbling loom.
 A proof within himself he feels
 That all mankind is mov'd by wheels;

'That chains, and pendulums, and springs,
 With twenty other curious things, 905
 Were first by artful Nature made
 Ere clocks and watches form'd a trade.
 Exchange, great Sir! a word or two,
 And your fam'd thesis still may do:

"Thou art thyself complete and whole, 910

"Thy verses only want a soul,

"While both a diff'rent fate shall try,

"Thou half and they entirely die,

"Condemn'd by thee not partial Fate

"E'er to behold a future state!" 915

Behold a modest bard * refuse

The laurels waiting on his Muse!

Pity first taught her how to sing,

To try her voice and prune her wing;

Touch'd with a tender Christian wo 920

In Wallia's realms to meet a foe,

That lawless long and unrestrain'd

Had in her milky dainties reign'd,

And ev'ry year triumphant won

A dow'ry for a yeoman's son. 925

Virgil, that taught thy Muse to sing,

A nobler verse could hardly bring,

Or on a theme so mean and low

More thought and majesty bestow;

* Mr. Edward Holdsworth, author of *The Muscipula*, a poem which is esteemed a masterpiece in its kind.

Henceforth his smiling ghost shall move 930
 More joyous thro' her laureate grove
 To hear thy tuneful voice above
 Take then a gift I trembling bring,
 Instructed near thy Muse to sing,
 Which prun'd her pinions in that shade 935
 Whence mine her earliest flights essay'd,
 Both sipping to inspire our themes
 Oxeyes* for clear Castalian streams;
 Oh, may thy fame for ever run
 A glorious rival to the sun 940
 "Till mice in pantries cease to dwell,
 "Or brimstone at Glamorgan sell,
 "Till mites no more in Chedder breed,
 "Nor goats on craggy Penmaur feed,
 "Till leeks and onions smell amiss, 945
 "Till scrubbing seems no more a bliss,
 "Till great Plinlimmon leaves the skies,
 "Till thy immortal labour dies†.

While Dennis aids the Muse to sing,
 Or gives her plumes or clips her wing, 950
 Directs her cautious how to fly
 Unbeaten tracks along the sky,
 With safety we sublimely stray,
 And soaring gain the realms of day,

* Places in Oxford so called. *King.*

† Various have been the English imitations of The Musculula, but no one happier than Chancellor Hoadley's.

Till trembling from those heights above, 955
 And dazzling orbs o'er which we move,
 We gently sink in humbler strains
 To vales beneath and rural plains.

Great Toland, with his name below,
 Bought purely to make out the show, 960
 Adorns at once and fills a row
 (Tho' some aver it strongly still
 That emptiness could never fill.)
 Hadst thou been wise or dull by rule
 Thy silence might have screen'd the fool; 965
 But thus to cant and own it too
 No mortal sure but thee would do.
 The twilight owl and serious ass
 Would needs for modern criticks pass
 Till both their want of sense betray'd, 970
 One hooting while the other bray'd.

Near Blackal † his fam'd rival lay,
 But frowning lean'd another way,
 His forehead into wrinkles drawn
 To sit within the smell of lawn, 975
 But close as to his elm the vine
 Round pious Baxter seems to twine,
 Adores the saint on bended knees
 That taught him first to cant and please,
 And to the wond'ring world reveal 980
 Good Christian methods to rebel.

† Bishop of Exeter from 1707 to 1716.

While Milton's soaring fancy flies,
 And sings of feuds above the skies,
 Dreadfully fills the heav'nly plain
 With vanquish'd pow'rs and cherubs slain; 983
 Surpris'd and trembling from afar
 We scarce behold th' immortal war;
 Their falchions formidably bright,
 Their swords compos'd of beaten light,
 And beamy arms with dreadful blaze 990
 From each contending van amaze,
 With dread we view th' apostate foe
 Plung'd in the deep abyfs below.

See Rag * on Philips still attends,
 In life, in death, harmonious friends; 995
 Pleas'd his lov'd Isis to forego
 To meet the darling shade below;
 Who in th' Elysian fragrant bow'rs
 Beguile each day the smiling hours
 With more delight than wine or love 1000
 E'er gave the bards in realms above,
 Each here transported to behold
 Rich branches bloom with radiant gold
 (Strangely surpris'd to view an ore
 They ne'er on earth once touch'd before.) 1005
 No more refulgent to their eyes
 The Splendid Shilling's † charms surprise,

* The name which Edmund Smith went by.

† A very famous burlesque poem in imitation of Milton.

Once the sole bliss of Heav'n implor'd,
 For that alone by each ador'd,
 That ale or oysters could command,
 The noblest boons of sea or land,
 And bid them to enjoy a friend
 From lonely garret oft' descend:
 No longer to their cells restrain'd,
 Where want and dismal darkness reign'd,
 With harmless pun and clinches gay
 They now repeat each smiling day,
 Nor dreadful reek'ning trembling fear,
 As if kind Herbert too was there;
 For vile mundung and fummy ale
 Incense and odours now exhale,
 And sipping nectar from each stream
 No more of Tiff and Viner's † dream,
 Convinc'd their Isis could bestow
 No cups so soft as those below:
 No longer now the modish gown
 In ropy shreds hangs quiv'ring down,
 Tuck'd close but gently round the side
 Some dismal breach beneath to hide,
 Or else protecting from the air
 Some parts as Nature form'd them bare.

See next the Muse ‡ that fill'd the skies
 With sleepy lolling deities,

* See the Deist's notions of a future state, taken from their orthodox scripture of Virgil's sixth *Æneid*. *King*.

† A very celebrated university alehouse. *King*.

‡ Lucretius. *King*.

Careless and unconcern'd to know
 What mortals acted here below,
 Gives us receipts of wondrous fame
 New worlds to raise and beings frame
 Which Burnet † by experience knew
 In every tittle to be true.
 After a long eternal round,
 No stage to ease their labour found,
 The weary'd atoms all combine
 In diff'rent forms themselves to join
 These sink beneath, those upwards fly
 To deck and to adorn the sky,
 In radiant planets shine from far,
 Or lose their brightness in a star,
 Millions for heav'nly forms unfit
 To meaner fates below submit,
 While long the little sportive train
 A thousand tricks attempt in vain
 Before they can fit natures chuse
 And their light empty beings lose
 The brisk, the nimble, and the light,
 To frame the female world unite,
 And while the beautiful kind they fill
 Seem to preserve their nature still
 The giddy into order range,
 But scarcely undergo a change,

† Theory of the Earth. King.

Still act as in their ancient sphere;
 Whirling in mad projectors here;
 Or else their roving pow'rs restrain
 Beneath some madder poet's brain:
 Those of a rough and knotty make
 Their stations all in criticks take;
 Which makes it harder much to gain
 Their sense than his they would explain,
 And much more skill requir'd to find
 The critick's than the author's mind:
 Those of a tall and slender size
 In monuments and steeples rise;
 For structures, like our elm and yew,
 At Nature's birth spontaneous grew,
 Instructed upwards how to climb
 Without the help of brick or lime:
 The dull, the empty, and the gay,
 Consent to take a different way;
 These mingling form coquettes, and those
 Unite in asses and in beaux!
 Descending from a finish'd star
 Some leave the skies to grace the fair,
 While those to heav'n their light confine,
 And these in Lumley's beauties shine:
 In Beaufort's air they all unite
 Their softest beams, their fairest light;
 In March's lovely form surprise,
 Or smile confest'd in Bishop's eyes;

While honest Tindal thou and I
 Were form'd of lumps that downwards fly,
 And daily give some wretched proof
 Of our descending weighty stuff,
 Which makes whate'er we write or say
 Thus favour of our kindred clay,
 And ev'ry fair and just design
 With such a native force decline,
 That while we strive sublime to soar
 We sink and founder so much lower;
 Hence it is our labours come to nought;
 Each beauteous product which we thought
 Of sprightly wit and reason full
 Is strangely leaven'd with the dull;
 But let us learn true wisdom hence,
 Not whine like fools for want of sense;
 Rather accuse our partial Fate
 Assigning each so dull a pate,
 Purely by Nature form'd in spite
 To plague mankind in print and write,
 Bentley immortal honour gets
 By changing *que's* for nobler *et's*;
 From Cam to Isis see him roam
 To fetch stray'd interjections home,

† "Horatius Emendatus, In vitis omnibus criticis, sic esse legendum pronuncio." Modest Dr. Bentley! King.

"It is true on words is still our whole debate;"

"Disputes of *me* or *te*, of *aut* or *at*." Pope, Dunc. IV. 219.

While the glad shores with joy rebound
 For periods and lost commas found;
 Poor adverbs, that had long deplor'd
 Their injur'd rights by him restor'd,
 Smil'd to survey a rival's doom
 While they possess'd the envy'd room,
 And hissing from their rescu'd throne
 Th' usurper's fate applaud their own.
 The Roman nymphs, for want of notes
 More tender, strain'd their little throats,
 Till Bentley to relieve their woes
 Gave them a set of Ah's and Oh's,
 More musically to complain
 And warble forth their gentle pain.
 The suff'ring fair no more repine
 For vowels now to sob and whine,
 In softest air their passion try,
 And without spoiling metre die;
 With interjections of his own
 He helps them now to weep and groan,
 That reading him no lover fears
 Soft vehicles for sighs and tears:
 Instructed by his learned code
 What makes a jig or forms an ode,
 We view what various beauties meet
 To leave each fragrant line so sweet;
 How Horace's lines our passions keep
 Awake, and Bentley's lull asleep.

No verse can moan a limping foot, 1140

But he applies his plaster to 't;

With pious care binds up the sore,

And kindly bids it hop no more!

While with his helping comments nigh,

Instead of crutches to apply 1145

To crazy verse, (which cavius Time

Had weaken'd both in sense and rhyme)

For a lame Muse's surgeon meet,

Instead of legs sets broken feet.

Tho' no one single charm can fly 1150

The search of his sagacious eye,

(That Horace * but in vain pretends

To own a line which Bentley mends)

The rev'rend critick hardly knows

If David wrote in verse or prose, 1155

While ev'ry string and sounding wire

That erst compos'd the Roman lyre

Were to the sage as fully known

As if the harp had been his own!

Couldst thou, great Bard! without a quailm 1160

But hear rehears'd one pious psalm,

To slighted David lend an ear,

Not swooning what he sung to hear,

We then might view thy learn'd abodes

With hymns adorn'd instead of odes, 1165

* See Horatius Emendatus, and Dr. Bentley's Dedication of Horace to the Earl of Oxford, designed for the late treasurer if he had continued in his post till last Christmas. King,

And thou thyself perhaps content
To con him o'er at least in Lent;
To mortify the Jewish chuse
Regaling on the Latian Muse:

Close by where wits in purple pride 1176

And all their glory drest preside,
Beneath a dark and gloomy cell

A lazy goddess chose to dwell,

Well pleas'd to slumber out her time

'Twixt sleepy prose and drowsy rhyme, 1175

Dating from books her empire's fame;

Oblivion was her dreaded name:

On verse and laudanum she feeds,

Now takes a dose, now poems reads;

Each of experienc'd pow'r to close 1180

Her sinking eyes in soft repose;

While Bentley, of more sov'reign use

Than rhyme itself or poppy juice,

The goddess trembles to explore

For fear of never waking more. 1185

Each weeping wall bedew'd appears

With Chloe's sighs and Strephon's tears;

Sad dirges, breathing lovers' pain,

And soft complaints of virgins slain;

While Females' Sonnets, Poets' Themes, 1190

Beaux' Stratagems, Projectors' Dreams,

Around the lonely structure fly,

Slumber a while, and gently die.

A thousand wretched things, above
 The joys of wine the sweets of love, **1195**
 That kindly promis'd deathless fame
 And glories to their author's name,
 Here in one month for rest retire,
 Descend, and decently expire;
 Scatter'd delightful to her eye **1200**
 Reams of Reviews and Medleys lie,
 Wide to extend her empire's sway,
 Keeping their fires above in pay;
 Soft transport gliding thro' her breast,
 Of Tutchin's works entire possest, **1205**
 Who to augment the goddess' pow'r
 Was seldom known to slip an hour
 That did not gratefully produce
 Whole pages for his sov'reign's use;
 While now and then a mitred friend **1210**
 Is graciously inclin'd to send
 His tributes, and a gift bestows
 Among her Bunyans and De Foes.
 O'ercome with rapture to survey
 Melodious nonsense round her lay, **1215**
 (While here each fruitful lab'ring press
 Groan'd with seraphick emptiness,
 Which ev'ry hour spontaneous came,
 Kind to enrol its author's name)
 While the great patriots of her reign **1220**
 That with her pens her fame sustain,

Wits, criticks, politicians, beaux,
 In measure nod, and sleep in rows,
 Soft transport does her thoughts employ
 While thus she speaks her rising joy: 1223

“ Hail, mighty Names! to whom I owe
 “ My empire’s spreading fame below,
 “ By whose kind labours I outdo
 “ The Vatican and Bodley too,
 “ Who slighted fame above disdain’d 1230
 “ With me in silent night to reign:
 “ What rival pow’r did e’er survey
 “ A nobler host adorn his sway!
 “ You, blest Associates! best can tell
 “ What numbers at my altars fell 1235
 “ When you approach’d, and only stay
 “ Above to own my sov’ reign sway.
 “ ’Twas I inspir’d great Whiston’s theme,
 “ And nobly taught him to blaspheme:
 “ By me instructed he withdrew 1240
 “ To head a young apostate crew,
 “ Who proud of such a leader grown
 “ With his stale nonsense mix their own:
 “ Lipping their trade they first begin,
 “ By slow degrees advance in sin, 1245
 “ Till ripen’d by improving time
 “ To thy gray hoary fame they climb;

* A whimsical theorist, and a late apostate to Socinianism.
 King.

" And claim those laurels as their due
 " Justice before assign'd to you.
 " The Grecian sages * too decree 1250
 " The fame of all they write to me :
 " Beneath my influence kindly bred,
 " Proud to blaspheme before they read,
 " In the dull trade improve so well,
 " First swear, and after learn to spell, 1255
 " And oft' a deathless name complete
 " Ere perfect in their alphabet.
 " Oh! would they oft' in print appear,
 " What reams of stuff each fruitful year
 " Would downward sink to swell my fame, 1260
 " Dally confessing whence they came,
 " The hateful realms of light forego
 " To hang in empty shoals below,
 " Whose labours, like a glimm'ring fire,
 " Kindly as soon as born expire, 1265
 " Scarce th' age of one short day survive,
 " Stone dead ere breathing well alive!
 " 'Twas I alone that hither drew
 " From Tiber's bank † the warbling crew
 " That charm our wond'ring theatres 1270
 " With witty lions ‡, bulls, and bears,

* A scandalous atheistical club at the Grecian Coffeehouse.
 King.

† The Italian singers. King.

‡ See Hydaspes, act third, a hero strutting a lion. King.

Volume II.

K

- " Design'd (if Fame says true) this spring
 " To learn their gamut too and sing,
 " Whose gay harmonious nonsense drown'd
 " Beneath soft airs and helping sound 1275
 " Passes with criticks of the pit
 " For sterling sense and English wit.
 " Each valet now must blow his fire
 " In notes as soft as Alamire,
 " Nor dare perfume his master's hair 1280
 " Or rub his boots without an air;
 " Hear him in softest musick tell
 " His lordship's running nag is well;
 " Oblig'd a bolder note to use,
 " Informing when he lost his shoes; 1285
 " Still rising to a nobler strain,
 " To paint him scouring o'er the plain;
 " The rival waitingmaid, to find
 " Her spark to musick thus inclin'd,
 " Tells madam, singing, That she spoils 1290
 " Her tea to drink it ere it boils;
 " While notes more pensive far relate
 " Her lapdog's unexpected fate;
 " The hero burning to engage
 " Most sweetly murmurs out his rage, 1295
 " Defers to shew his wrath too soon,
 " Or kill his foe to spoil his tune;
 " Tho' both are warm'd with equal fire,
 " They can't without one song expire;

" In doleful dirges, but too late, 1300
 " Hear how they sigh each other's fate;
 " For notes thro' all the gamut try
 " To fall more tunefully and die.
 " See how my crowded region fills
 " With colonies entire from Will's *; 1305
 " Slumb'ring in rival ranks they snore,
 " And meditate sharp clinch no more;
 " Their merit by their dulness prove,
 " Outdreaming those they left above!
 " It was I, my empire to enlarge, 1310
 " Gave Hoadley first my royal charge
 " To preach rebellion, and in spite
 " Of duty, oaths, and sense, to write:
 " It is I that by my influence still
 " Direct great Toland's † sacred quill; 1315
 " And lately by my soothing pow'r
 " Seduc'd mysterious Dodwell ‡ o'er,
 " Who to his bright immortal fame
 " Was never known six weeks the same!
 " While Fate thus makes a small amends 1320
 " For what I lost in kinder friends,

* A celebrated academy in Covent Garden obliged by its charter to furnish out a dozen of English wits every year. *King.*

† An insolent audacious Deist and republican. *King.*

‡ See The Natural Mortality of the Soul, by Mr. Dodwell. *King.*

- " (As when it forc'd me to bewail
 " Great Hobbes's death still left me Bayle *)
 " Filling that space that was design'd
 " For Sarum's † labours still behind. 1325
 " See how that wall is sadly hung
 " With doleful verse by ladies sung,
 " And pensive airs by lovers try'd
 " Just as they kindly kiss'd and dy'd:
 " With dreams and sighs the next is blurr'd, 1330
 " With Dolben's eloquence a third;
 " While to the wicked Baxter's Call
 " Quite covers and obscures them all.
 " Swifts lumber sinks to our abodes
 " Not poorly by the quire but loads; 1335
 " While Leyden rhymes submissive come,
 " And croaking supplicate for room.
 " Scotch creeds ‡ and articles explain'd
 " Close by in silence slumb'ring reign'd,
 " With mystick comments so perplex'd 1340
 " The notes are darker than the text.
 " Fam'd theorists by dozens rot ||,
 " Just as the worlds they fram'd forgot,

* Two intimate friends, an English Atheist and a Dutch Socinian. *King.*

† Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Sarum.

‡ The Solemn League, much preferable to the Apostles' creed about Edinburgh. *King.*

|| See The Mosaical History, corrected and confuted by Whiston, Woodward, Burnet, Cartesius; and Ovid's Metamorphoses. *King.*

" And in those very atoms fall
 " They vainly forg'd to raise this ball, 1345
 " Which prov'd their thesis partly true,
 " Fate ne'er could build but might undo,
 " And that dull books might sooner dance
 " Than planets into form by chance.
 " Would smiling Fate but once inspire 1350
 " Hibernian bards to touch the lyre,
 " Gently in Dublin airs to sing,
 " And their fam'd Harp's * long silent string,
 " Now wanting room I must implore
 " Kind Heav'n with ardent vows for more: 1355
 " Where shall I place my future friends
 " If Collins monthly tribute sends?
 " If Clarke and Hare to choke me quite
 " Without remorse or pity write?
 " Ye envious niggard Pow'rs! whoe'er 1360
 " Allot each god his empire's share,
 " To all such spacious realms assign'd
 " Why am I only thus confin'd?
 " From theirs how diff'rent is my doom
 " They grieve for subjects I for room. 1365
 " Extend my realms below, great Jove!
 " Or stop great Boyer's pen above:
 " Gods! in what sable liquid show'rs
 " And inky deluges he pours

* The arms of Ireland. *King.*

" Each year his sickly nonsense down! 1370
 " Ten such would half my empire drown;
 " And force me to preserve my breath
 " To quit my stifling cell beneath.
 " Whatever theme his Muse has got
 " She still maintains her fav'rite trot; 1375
 " Still one dull pace demurely jogs
 " O'er rivers, meadows, lawns, and bogs;
 " While drest with equal charms are seen
 " A milkmaid here and there a queen;
 " And strains as mournful fill the sky
 " When porters as when monarchs die! 1380
 " Still to proceed the goddess try'd;
 " Till Steele's immortal works espy'd,
 " Trembling her dreaded foe to view
 " She sunk and silently withdrew, 1385
 " While Sarum's labours round her spread
 " Sustain and prop her drowsy head.
 " Hail, mighty Name! of all thy pen
 " Has dropt to charm both gods and men
 " Time nor oblivion e'er shall boast
 " One line or single period lost! 1390
 " Improving youth and hoary age
 " Are better'd by thy matchless page;
 " And, what no mortal could devise,
 " Women by reading thee grow wise, 1395
 " Divines had taught and husbands rav'd,
 " Now threaten'd, then as poorly crav'd,

But spite of all the stubborn dame
 Remain'd our curse, and still the same;
 Modish and flippant as before
 The smoothing paint and patch are wore;
 Two hours each morning spent to dress;
 And not one ounce of tea the less;
 While the provoking idiot vows
 Her lover fairer much than spouse.

Great Socrates but vainly try'd
 To sooth the passions of his bride;
 Her female empire still she holds;
 And as he preaches peace she scolds.
 In vain he talks, in vain he writes,
 One kissing while the other bites.
 Precepts with her and moral rules
 Are only ginns to hamper fools;
 And preach and dictate what he will
 Madam persists Xantippe still.
 But wedlock by thy art is got
 To be a soft and easy knot,
 Which smiling spouse and kinder bride
 Now seldom wish should be untie'd,
 Think parting now the greatest sin,
 And strive more close to draw the gin.
 Taught by those rules thy pen instils
 Nobly to conquer human ills,
 The female suff'rer now sustains
 Each mournful loss with lessen'd pains:

A week is now enough to pine
 When puking lapdog cannot dine;
 While grief as real swells her eyes
 When spouse as when her parrot dies.
 The sop no longer shall believe
 Sense ty'd to ev'ry modish sleeve,
 Nor, conscious of his wants, presume
 To measure merit by perfume;
 That courage in Pulvilio dwells,
 The boldest he who strongest smells:
 To prove his sense no longer bring
 The doughty proofs of box and ring,
 Strongly professing ne'er to know
 An afs conceal'd beneath a beau.
 Each taught by thee shall hence confess
 Virtue has no regard for dress;
 That the bright nymph as often dwells
 In homely bays as rural cells,
 And in a ruff as fairly shin'd
 As now to modern peak confin'd;
 Blushing thus half expos'd to view
 Both herself and mistress too.
 The widow pining for her dear
 Shall curse no more the tedious year,
 In sighs consume each pensive day,
 Nor think it long from June to May;
 See how the pensive relict lies
 Oppress'd with spouse's fate and dies!

That Betty with her drops in vain
Recalls her flying soul again. I 455

No colour now so fair appears
As is the sable vest she wears,
To be her only garment vow'd,
Till death exchange it for a shroud,
And her cold ashes kindly place
Once more within her lord's embrace! I 460

The ladies pleas'd with thee to dwell
Aspire to write correct and spell:
We scarce behold, tho' writ in haste,
Five letters in a score misplac'd;
Marshall'd in rank they all appear
With no front vowels in the rear,
Nor any out of shame or dread
Sculking behind that should have led. I 465

In ev'ry line they now demur;
'Tis now no longer Wurthee Surr!
With half our usual sweat and pain
We both unravel and explain,
Nor call in foreign aid to find
In mystick terms the fair one's mind. I 470

Maintain, great Sage! thy deathless name;
Thou canst no wider stretch thy fame
Till gliding from her native skies
Virtue once more delighted flies,
By each adoring patriot own'd,
And boasts herself by thee enthron'd. I 475

THE LAST BILLET.

SEPTEMBER and November now were past
 When men in bonfires did their firing waste,
 Yet still my monumtental Log did last :
 To begging boys it was not made a prey
 On the king's birth or coronation day.
 Why with those Oaks, under whose sacred shade
 Charles was preserv'd, should any fire be made ?
 At last a frost, a dismal frost ! there came
 Like that which made a market upon Thame :
 Unruly company would then have made
 Fire with this Log, whilst thus its owner pray'd :
 " Thou that art worshipping'd in Dedona's grove
 " From all thy sacred Trees fierce flames remove ;
 " Preserve this groaning Branch : O hear my pray'r !
 " Spare me this one, this one poor Billet spare,
 " That having many fires and flames withstood
 " Its ancient testimonial may last good
 " In future times to prove I once had Wood ! "

THE MAD LOVER.

I'LL from my breast tear fond desire
 Since Laura is not mine ;
 I'll strive to cure the am'rous fire,
 And quench the flame with wine.

Perhaps in groves and cooling shade
Soft slumbers I may find;
There all the vows to Laura made
Shall vanish with the wind. 8

The speaking firings and charming song
My passion may remove:
Oh! musick will the pain prolong,
And is the food of Love. 12

I'll search heav'n, earth, hell, seas, and air,
And that shall set me free:
Oh! Laura's image will be there
Where Laura will not be. 16

My soul must still endure the pain
And with fresh torment rave;
For none can ever break the chain
That once was Laura's slave. 20

THE SOLDIER'S WEDDING,

A SOLILOQUY BY NAN, THRASHERWELL,

Being part of a Play called The New Troop.

O My dear Thrasherwell! you're gone to sea,
And happiness must ever banish'd be
From our flock-bed, our garret, and from me! }

Perhaps he is on land at Portsmouth now
In the embraces of some Hampshire sow,
Who with a wanton pat cries, "Now, my Dear!
"You're wishing for some Wapping doxy here."—
"Pox on them all! but most on bouncing Nan,
"With whom the torments of my life began:
"She is a bitter one!"—You lie, you Rogue!
You are a treach'rous, false, ungrateful, dog.
Did not I take you up without a shirt?
Wo worth the hand that scrubb'd off all your dirt!
Did not my int'rest lift you in the Guard?
And had not you ten shillings? my reward.
Did I not then before the Sergeant's face
Treat Jack, Tom, Will, and Martin, with disgrace,
And Thrasherwell before all others chuse,
When I had the whole regiment to loose?
Curs'd be the day when you produc'd your sword,
The just revenger of your injur'd word!
The martial youth round in a circle stood,
With envious looks of love and itching blood:
You with some oaths that signify'd consent
Cry'd, "Tom is Nan's!" and o'er the sword you went:
Then I with some more modesty would step;
The Ensign thumb'd my bum and made me leap:
I leap'd indeed; and you prevailing men
Leave us no pow'r of leaping back again.

THE OLD CHEESE.

YOUNG Slouch the farmer had a jolly wife
 That knew all the conveniencies of life,
 Whose diligence and cleanliness supply'd
 The wit which Nature had to him deny'd,
 But then she had a tongue that would be heard,
 And make a better man than Slouch afraid:
 This made censorious persons of the town
 Say Slouch could hardly call his soul his own;
 For if he went abroad too much, she'd use
 To give him slippers and lock up his shoes.
 Talking he lov'd, and ne'er was more afflicted
 Than when he was disturb'd or contradicted;
 Yet still into his story she would break
 With "'Tis not so—Pray give me leave to speak."
 His friends thought this was a tyrannick rule;
 Not diff'ring much from calling of him fool,
 Told him he must exert himself, and be
 In fact the master of his family.

He said "That the next Tuesday noon would show
 "Whether he were the lord at home or no,
 "When their good company he would entreat
 "To well-brew'd ale and clean if homely meat."
 With a king heart home to his wife he goes,
 And on his knees does his rash act disclose,
 And prays dear Sukey that one day at least
 He might appear as master of the feast.

"I'll grant your wish," cries she, "that you may see
 "Twere wisdom to be govern'd still by me."

The guests upon the day appointed came,
 Each bowfy farmer with his simp'ring dame. 30

"Ho, Su!" cries Slouch, "why dost not thou appear?"

"Are these thy manners when aunt Snap is here?"

"I pardon ask," says Su; "I'd not offend"

"Any my dear invites, much less his friend."

Slouch by his kinsman Gruffy had been taught 35

To entertain his friends with finding fault,

And make the main ingredient of his treat

His saying "There was nothing fit to eat:"

"The boil'd pork stinks, the roast beef is not enough;

"The bacon is rusty, and the hens are tough; 40

"The veal is all rags, the butter is turn'd to oil,

"And thus I buy good meat for sluts to spoil."

"Tis we are the first Slouches ever fat

"Down to a pudding without plums or fat.

"What teeth or stomach is strong enough to feed 45

"Upon a goose my grannum kept to breed?

"Why must old pigeons, and they stale, be dress'd,

"When there is so many squab ones in the nest?"

"This beer is sour, this musty thick and stale,

"And worse than any thing except the ale." 50

Su all this while many excuses made;

Some things she own'd; at other times she laid

The fault on chance, but oft'ner on the maid.

Then Cheese was brought. Says Slouch, "This 'en
 "shall roll;
 "I'm sure it is hard enough to make a bowl:
 "This is skim milk, and therefore it shall go;
 "And this because it is Suffolk follow too."
 But now Su's patience did begin to waste,
 Nor longer could dissimulation last.
 "Pray let me rise," says Su, "my Dear! I'll find
 "A Cheese perhaps may be to Lovy's mind."
 Then in an entry standing close, where he
 Alone and none of all his friends might see,
 And brandishing a cudgel he had fer,
 And far enough on this occasion smelt,
 "I'll try, my Joy!" he cry'd, "if I can please
 "My dearest with a taste of his Old Cheese!"
 Slouch turn'd his head, saw his wife's vig'rous hand
 Wielding her oaken sapling of command,
 Knew well the twang. "Is't the Old Cheese my Dear!"
 "No need, no need of Cheese," cries Slouch; "I'll
 "swear
 "I think I've din'd as well as my Lord Mayor!"

THE SKILLET.

Two neighbours, Clod and Jolt, would marry'd be,
 But did not in their choice of wives agree.
 Clod thought a cuckold was a monstrous beast,
 With two huge glaring eyes and spreading crest,

Therefore resolving never to be such, 5
Marry'd a wife none but himself could touch.
Jolt thinking marriage was decreed by Fate,
Which shews us whom to love and whom to hate,
To a young handsome jolly lass made court,
And gave his friends convincing reasons for 't, 10
That since in life such mischief must be had
Beauty had something still that was not bad.
Within two months Fortune was pleas'd to send
A tinker to Clod's house with "Brass to mend."
The good old wife survey'd the brawny spark, 15
And found his chine was large tho' count'nance dark.
First she appears in all her airs, then tries
The squinting efforts of her am'rous eyes.
Much time was spent and much desire express'd;
At last the tinker cry'd, "Few words are best: 20
"Give me that Skillet then; and if I'm true
"I dearly earn it for the work I do."
They 'greed; they parted. On the tinker goes
With the same stroke of pan and twang of nose,
Till he at Jolt's beheld a sprightly dame 25
That set his native vigour all on flame.
He looks, sighs, faints, at last begins to cry,
"And can you then let a young tinker die?" }
Says she, "Give me your Skillet then and try." }
"My Skillet! both my heart and Skillet take; 30
"I wish it were a copper for your sake."

After all this not many days did pass
 Clod sitting at Jolt's house survey'd the brass
 And glitt'ring-pewter standing on the shelf,
 Then after some gruff mutt'ring with himself
 Cry'd, "Pr'ythee, Jolt, how came that Skillet thine?"
 "You know as well as I," quoth Jolt; "it 'en's mine;
 "But I'll ask Nan." "Twas done: Nan told the matter
 In truth as it was; then cry'd, "You've got the better!
 "For tell me, Dearest! whether you would chuse
 "To be a gainer by me or to lose?
 "As for our neighbour Clod, this I dare say,
 "We've Beauty and a Skillet more than they."

THE FISHERMAN.

TOM Banks by native industry was taught
 The various arts how fishes might be caught.
 Sometimes with trembling reed and single hair,
 And bait conceal'd, he'd for their death prepare,
 With melancholy thoughts and downcast eyes
 Expecting till deceit had gain'd its prize.
 Sometimes in riv'let quick and water clear
 They'd meet a fate more gen'rous from his spear.
 To basket oft' he'd pliant offers turn,
 Where they might entrance find but no return.
 His net well pois'd with lead he'd sometimes throw,
 Encircling thus his captives all below:

But when he would a quick destruction make,
 And from afar much larger booty take,
 He 'd thro' the stream where most descending set
 From side to side his strong capacious net, 16
 And then his rustick crew with mighty poles
 Would drive his prey out from their oozy holes,
 And so pursue them down the rolling flood
 Gasping for breath, and almost chok'd with mud, 20
 Till they of farther passage quite bereft
 Were in the mash with gills entangled left.

Trot, who liv'd down the stream, ne'er thought his
 Was good unless he had his water clear. [beer

He goes to Banks, and thus begins his tale : 25

" Lord! if you knew but how the people rail!

" They cannot boil, nor wash, nor rinse, they say, }

" With water sometimes ink and sometimes whey, }

" According as you meet with mud or clay. }

" Besides, my wife these six months could not brew,

" And now the blame of this all is laid on you; 31

" For it will be a dismal thing to think

" How we old Trots must live and have no drink;

" Therefore I pray some other method take

" Of fishing, were it only for our sake." 35

Says Banks, " I'm sorry it should be my lot

" Ever to disoblige my gossip Trot:

" Yet it 'en't my fault; but so it is Fortune tries one

" To make his meat become his neighbour's poison;

"And so we pray for winds upon this coast 40
 "By which on th' other navies may be lost :
 "Therefore in patience rest tho' I proceed ;
 "There is no illnature in the case but need.
 "Tho' for your use this water will not serve,
 "I'd rather you should choke than I should starve." 45

THE CONSTABLE.

ONE night a fellow wand'ring without fear,
 As void of money as he was of care,
 Confid'ring both were wash'd away with beer,
 With Strap the Constable by fortune meets,
 Whose lanterns glare in the most silent streets. 5
 Resty, impatient any one should be
 So bold as to be drunk that night but he, [late?
 "Stand; who goes there," cries Strap, "at hours so
 "Answer. Your name, or else have at your pate."—
 "I wo'nt stand, 'cause I cann't. Why must you know
 "From whence it is I come or where I go?" 11
 "See here my staff," cries Strap; "trembling be-
 "Its radiant paint and ornamental gold : [hold
 "Wooden authority when thus I wield
 "Persons of all degrees obedience yield. 15
 "Then be you the best man in all the City,
 "Mark me, I to The Counter will commit ye."
 "You! kifs, and so forth. For that ne'er spare :
 "If that be all commit me if you dare :

"No person yet either thro' fear or shame
 "Durst commit me that once had heard my name!"
 "Pray then what is it?"—"My name is Adultery;
 "And faith your future life would pleasant be
 "Did your wife know you once committed me." 24

THE BEGGAR WOMAN.

A GENTLEMAN in hunting rode astray
 More out of choice than that he lost his way;
 He let his company the hare pursue,
 For he himself had other game in view;
 A Beggar by her trade, yet not so mean
 But that her cheeks were fresh and linen clean.
 "Mistress," quoth he, "and what if we two shou'd
 "Retire a little way into the wood?"
 "She needed not much courtship to be kind;
 He ambles on before, she trots behind;
 For little Bobby to her shoulders bound
 Hinders the gentle dame from ridding ground.
 He often ask'd her to expose, but she
 Still fear'd the coming of his company.
 Says she, "I know an unfrequented place
 "To the left hand where we our time may pass,
 "And the meanwhile your horse may find some
 "grafs."
 Thither they come, and both the horse secure;
 Then thinks the squire I have the matter sure.

She is ask'd to sit; but then excuse is made; 20

"Sitting," says she, "is not usual in my trade:

"Should you be rude, and then should throw me down,

"I might perhaps break more backs than my own."

He smiling cries, "Come, I'll the knot untie,

"And if you mean the child's we'll lay it by." 25 }

Says she, "That can't be done, for then it will cry. }

"I'd not have us, but chiefly for your sake,

"Discover'd by the hideous noise it would make.

"Use is another nature, and it would lack

"More than the breast its custom to the back." 30

"Then," says the gentleman, "I should be loth

"To come so far and disoblige you both:

"Were the child ty'd to me d'ye think it would do?"

"Mighty well, Sir! oh Lord! if ty'd to you."

With speed incredible to work she goes, 35

And from her shoulders soon the burthen throws;

Then mounts the infant with a gentle tosse

Upon her gen'rous friend, and like a cross

The sheet she with a dext'rous motion winds,

Till a firm knot the wand'ring fabrick binds. 40

The gentleman had scarce got time to know

What she was doing: she about to go

Cries, "Sir, good by'e! be n't angry that we part;

"I trust the child to you with all my heart:

"But ere you get another it 'cn't amiss

"To try a year or two how you'll keep this." 46

THE VESTRY.

WITHIN the shire of Nottingham there lies
 A parish fam'd, because the men were wise:
 Of their own strain they had a teacher sought
 Who all his life was better fed than taught.
 It was about a quarter of a year
 Since he had snor'd, and ate, and fatten'd there,
 When he the housekeepers their wives and all
 Did to a sort of parish meeting call,
 Promising something which well understood
 In little time would turn to all their good.
 When met he thus harangues: "Neighbours, I find
 "That in your principles you're well inclin'd,
 "But then you're all solicitous for Sunday;
 "None seem to have a due regard for Monday:
 "Most people then their dinners have to seek,
 "As if it were not the first day of the week;
 "But when you have hash'd meat and nothing more
 "You only curse the day that went before.
 "On Tuesday all folks dine by one consent,
 "And Wednesday is only fast by parliament;
 "But fasting sure by Nature ne'er was meant.
 "The market will for Thursday find a dish,
 "And Friday is a proper day for fish:
 "After fish Saturday requires some meat;
 "On Sunday you're oblig'd by law to treat;

- " And the same law ordains a pudding then,
" To children grateful, nor unfit for men.
" Take hens, geese, turkeys, then, or something light,
" Because their legs if broil'd will serve at night;
" And since I find that roast beef makes you sleep, 30
" Corn it a little more and so it will keep.
" Roast it on Monday; pity it should be spoil'd :
" On Tuesday mutton either roast or boil'd :
" On Wednesday should be some variety,
" A loin or breast of veal and pigeon pie : 35
" On Thursday each man of his dish make choice ;
" 'Tis fit on market-days we all rejoice :
" And then on Friday, as I said before,
" We 'll have a dish of fish and one dish more :
" On Saturday stew'd beef with something nice, 40
" Provided quick and toils'd up in a trice,
" Because that in the afternoon you know
" By custom we must to the alehouse go;
" For else how should our houses ere be clean
" Except we gave some time to do it then? 45
" From whence, unless we value not our lives,
" None part without rememb'ring first our wives.
" But these are standing rules for ev'ry day,
" And very good ones, as I so may say,
" After each meal let us take a hearty cup; 50
" And where we dine it is fitting that we sup.
" Now for the application and the use.
" I found your care for Sunday an abuse:

"All would be asking, Pray, Sir, where d' you dine?"

"I have roast beef, choice ven'son, turkey, chine." 55

"Ev'ry one is hawling me. Then say poor I

"It is a bitter bus'ness to deny.

"But who is it cares for fourteen meals a-day?"

"As for my own part I had rather stay

"And take them now and then—and here and there,

"According to my present bill of fare. 61

"You know I'm fingle: if you all agree

"To treat by turns each will be sure of me."

The Vestry all applauded with a hum,

And the sev'n wisest of them bad him come. 65

THE MONARCH.

WHEN the young people ride the skimmington

There is a gen'ral trembling in a town:

Not only he for whom the person rides

Suffers, but they sweep other doors besides;

And by that hieroglyphick does appear 5

That the good woman is the master there.

At Jenny's door the barb'rous Heathens swept,

And his poor wife scolded until she wept;

The mob swept on, whilst she sent forth in vain

Her vocal thunder and her briny rain. 10

Some few days after two young sparks came there,

And whilst she does her coffee fresh prepare

One for discourse of news the master calls,

Th' other on this ungrateful subject falls.

"Pray, Mrs. Jenny*, whence came this report, 15

"For I believe there is no great reason for't,

"As if the folks th' other day swept your door,

"And half a dozen of your neighbours more?"

"There is nothing in it," says Jenny*; "that is done

"Where the wife rules, but here I rule alone; 20

"And Gentlemen, you 'd much mistaken be

"If any one should not think that of me.

"Within these walls my suppliant vassals know

"What due obedience to their prince they owe,

"And kifs the shadow of my papal toe. 25

"My word is a law: when I my pow'r advance

"There is not a greater Monarch ev'n in France.

"Not the Mogul or Czar of Muscovy,

"Not Prester John or Cham of Tartary,

"Are in their houses Monarch more than I. 30

"My house my castle is, and here I 'm king;

"I 'm pope, I 'm emp'r'r, Monarch, ev'ry thing.

"What tho' my wife be partner of my bed?"

"The Monarch's crown fits only on this head."

His wife had plaguy ears as well as tongue, 35

And hearing all thought his discourse too long:

Her conscience said he should not tell such lies,

And to her knowledge such; she therefore cries,

"D' ye hear—you—Sirrah—Monarch—there?"

"Come down 39

"And grind the coffee—or I 'll crack your crown."

* So in the copy from which we print, though it is evidently the Monarch himself who speaks.

THE GARDEN PLOT, 1709.

WHEN Naboth's Vineyard look'd so fine
 The king cry'd out "Would this were mine!"
 And yet no reason could prevail
 To bring the owners to a sale.
 Jezebel saw with haughty pride
 How Ahab griev'd to be deny'd,
 And thus accosted him with scorn;
 "Shall Naboth make a monarch mourn?
 "A king and weep! The ground is your own;
 "I'll vest the Garden in the crown." 10
 With that she hatch'd a Plot, and made
 Poor Naboth answer with his head;
 And when his harmless blood was spilt
 The ground became the forfeit of his guilt.

Poor Hall, renown'd for comely hair, 15 }
 Whose hands perhaps were not so fair,
 Yet had a Jezebel as near.
 Hall, of small Scripture conversation,
 Yet howe'er Hungerford's quotation,
 By some strange accident had got 20
 The story of this Garden Plot,
 Wisely foresaw he might have reason
 To dread a modern bill of treason,
 If Jezebel should please to want
 His small addition to her grant, 25

Therefore resolv'd in humble sort
 To begin first and make his court;
 And seeing nothing else would do
 Gave a third part to save th' other two. 29

THE ART OF MAKING PUDDINGS.

I. HASTY PUDDING.

I SING of food by British nurse design'd
 To make the stripling brave and maiden kind;
 Delay not, Muse! in numbers to rehearse
 The pleasures of our life and sinews of our verse;
 Let Pudding's dish most wholesome be thy theme, 5
 And dip thy swelling plumes in fragrant cream.

Sing then that Dish so fitting to improve
 A tender modesty and trembling love,
 Swimming in butter of a golden hue,
 Garnish'd with drops of rose's spicy dew. 10

Sometimes the frugal matron seems in haste,
 Nor cares to beat her Pudding into paste;
 Yet milk in proper skillet she will place,
 And gently spice it with a blade of mace,
 Then set some careful damsel to look to 't, 15
 And still to stir away the bishop's foot;
 For if burnt milk should to the bottom stick,
 Like over-heated zeal it would make folks sick.

Into the milk her flour she gently throws,
 As valets now would powder tender beaux; 20

The liquid forms in Hasty Mass unite,
 Forms equally delicious as they 're white,
 In shining dish the Hasty Mass is thrown,
 And seems to want no graces but its own;
 Yet still the housewife brings in fresh supplies 25
 To gratify the taste and please the eyes;
 She on the surface lumps of butter lays,
 Which melting with the heat its beams displays,
 From whence it causes, wondrous to behold,
 A silver soil bedeck'd with streams of gold! 30

II. A HEDGE-HOG AFTER A QUAKING PUDDING.

As Neptune when the three-tongu'd fork he takes
 With strength divine the globe terrestrial shakes,
 The highest hills, Nature's stupendous piles,
 Break with the force and quiver into isles,
 Yet on the ruins grow the lofty pines,
 And snow unmelted in the vallies shines 35

Thus when the dame her Hedge-hog Pudding
 Her fork indents irreparable streaks,
 The trembling lump with butter all around
 Seems to perceive its fall and then be drown'd;
 And yet the tops appear, whilst almonds thick
 With bright loaf sugar on the surface stick! 40

III. PUDDINGS OF VARIOUS COLOURS IN A DISH.

You, painter-like, now variegate the shade,
 And thus from Puddings there is a landscape made:

And Wife and London *, when they would dispose
 Their evergreens into wellorder'd rows, 46
 So mix their Colours that each diff'rent plant
 Gives light and shadow as the others want,

IV. MAKING OF A GOOD PUDDING GETS A GOOD
 HUSBAND.

Ye Virgins! as these lines you kindly take
 So may you still such glorious Pudding make, 50
 That crowds of youth may ever be at strife
 To gain the sweet composer for his wife.

V. SACK AND SUGAR TO QUAKING PUDDING.

"Oh, delicious!"
 But where must our confession first begin
 If Sack and Sugar once be thought a sin?

VI. BROILED PUDDING.

HID in the dark we mortals seldom know 55
 From whence the source of happiness may flow:
 Who to Broil'd Pudding would their thoughts have
 From bright Pewteria's lovesick discontent? [bent
 Yet so it was; Pewteria felt love's heat
 In fiercer flames than those which roast her meat. 60
 No Pudding is lost but may with fresh delight
 Be either fry'd next day or broil'd at night.

* The two royal gardeners. *King.*

VII. MUTTON PUDDING.

BUT Mutton is the most nourishing of meat;
 Whose single joint may constitute a treat;
 When made a Pudding you excel the rest
 As much as that of other food is best. 66

RECIPT TO MAKE AN OATMEAL PUDDING.

OF Oats decorticated take two pound;
 And of new milk enough the same to drown;
 Of raisins of the sun, ston'd, ounces eight,
 Of currants cleanly pick'd an equal weight; 70
 Of suet finely slic'd an ounce at least;
 And six eggs newly taken from the nest:
 Season this mixture well with salt and spice
 'Twill make a Pudding far exceeding rice;
 And you may safely feed on it like farmers,
 For the receipt is learned Dr. Harmer's. 76

RECIPT TO MAKE A SACKPUSETT.

FROM far Barbadoes on the western main
 Fetch sugar half a pound; fetch sack from Spain
 A pint; then fetch from India's fertile coast
 Nutmeg, the glory of the British toast. 80

† A loin. King.

APPLEPIE†.

Of all the delicacies which Britons try
 To please the palate or delight the eye,
 Of all the sev'ral kinds of sumptuous fare,
 There is none that can with Applepie compare
 For costly flavour or substantial paste,
 For outward beauty or for inward taste.

When first this infant dish in fashion came
 Th' ingredients were but coarse and rude the frame;
 As yet unpolish'd in the modern arts
 Our fathers ate brown bread instead of tarts;
 Pies were but indigested lumps of dough
 Till time and just expense improv'd them so.

King Cole (as ancient British annals tell)
 Renown'd for fiddling and for eating well,
 Pippins in homely cakes with honey stew'd;
 "Just as he bak'd," the proverb says, "he brew'd."
 Their greater art succeeding princes show'd,
 And modell'd paste into a neater mode;
 Invention now grew lively, palate nice,
 And sugar pointed out the way to spice.

But here for ages unimprov'd we stood,
 And Applepie was still but homely food,

† This poem hath been claimed as Mr. Welford's in The Weekly Oracle August 16th 1735, with a remark that "Dr. King the Civillian, a gentleman of no mean reputation in the world of letters, let it pass some years without contradiction as his own." It is in Dr. King's manner.

When godlike Edgar of the Saxon line,
Polite of taste and studious to refine,
In the dessert perfuming Quinces cast;
And perfected with cream the rich repast;
Hence we proceed the outward parts to trim,
With crinkumcranks adorn the polish'd brim,
And each fresh Pie the pleas'd spectator greets
With virgin fancies and with new conceits.

Dear Nelly! learn with care the pastry art,
And mind the easy precepts I impart:
Draw out your dough elaborately thin,
And cease not to fatigue your rolling-pin:
Of eggs and butter see you mix enough,
For then the paste will swell into a puff,
Which will in crumpling sounds your praise report,
And eat, as housewives speak, exceeding short.
Rang'd in thick order let your Quinces lie,
They give a charming relish to the Pie.
If you are wise you'll not brown sugar slight,
The browner (if I form my judgment right)
A deep vermilion tincture will dispense,
And make your Pippin redder than the Quince.

When this is done there will be wanting still
The just reserve of cloves and candy'd peel;
Nor can I blame you if a drop you take
Of orangewater for perfuming sake.
But here the nicety of art is such
There must not be too little nor too much:

If with discretion you these costs employ
They quicken appetite, if not they cloy.

Next in your mind this maxim firmly root,
"Never o'ercharge your Pie with costly fruit."

Oft' let your bodkin thro' the lid be sent 55

To give the kind imprison'd treasure vent,

Lest the fermenting liquor, closely prest,

Insensibly by constant fretting waste, 60

And o'erinform your tenement of paste.

To chuse your baker think and think again, 60

(You 'll scarce one honest baker find in ten:)

Adult and bruise'd I've often seen a Pie

In rich disguise and costly ruin lie,

While pensive crust beheld its form o'erthrown,

Exhausted Apples griev'd their moisture flown, 65

And sirup from the sides ran trickling down.

O be not, be not tempted, lovely Nell!

While the hot-piping odours strongly smell,

While the delicious fume creates a gust,

To lick the o'erflowing juice or bite the crust. 70

You 'll rather stay (if my advice may rule)

Until the hot is corrected by the cool;

Till you've infus'd the luscious store of cream,

And chang'd the purple for a silver stream;

Till that smooth viand its mild force produce, 75

And give a softness to the tarter juice.

Then shalt thou pleas'd the noble fabrick view,

And have a slice into the bargain too;

Honour and fame alike we will partake,
So well I'll eat what you so richly make. 80

UPON A GIANT'S ANGLING.

His Angle-rod made of a sturdy oak,
His Line a cable which in storms ne'er broke,
His Hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And sat upon a rock and bobb'd for whale. 4

UPON THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S

HOUSE AT WOODSTOCK.

*Atria longe patent; sed nec cernantibus usum,
Nec somno locus est; quam bene non habites?* MART. *Epig.*

SEE, Sir, see here is the grand approach;
This way is for his Grace's coach:
There lies the bridge, and here is the clock;
Observe the lion and the cock,
The spacious court, the colonade,
And mark how wide the hall is made.
The chimnies are so well design'd,
They never smoke in any wind.
This gall'ry is contriv'd for walking,
The windows to retire and talk in;
The council chamber for debate,
And all the rest are rooms of state.

Thanks, Sir, cry'd I; it is very fine;
 But where d' ye sleep, or where d' ye dine?
 I find by all you have been telling
 That it is a house but not a dwelling. 16

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

OLD Paddy Scot, with none of the best faces,
 Had a most knotty pate at solving cases;
 In any point could tell you to a hair
 When was a grain of honesty to spare.
 It happen'd after pray'rs one certain night 5
 At home he had occasion for a light
 To turn Socinus, Lessius, Escobar,
 Fam'd Covarruvias, and the great Navarre;
 And therefore as he from the chapel came
 Extinguishing a yellow taper's flame; 10
 By which just now he had devoutly pray'd,
 The useful remnant to his sleeve convey'd,
 There happen'd a physician to be by
 Who thither came but only as a spy
 To find out others' faults, but let alone 15
 Repentance for the crimes that were his own.

This doctor follow'd Paddy; said "He lack'd
 "To know what made a sacrilegious fact."

Paddy with studious gravity replies,
 "That is as the place or as the matter lies. 20

"If from a place unsacred you should take

"A sacred thing, this sacrilege would make;

- " Or an unsacred thing from sacred place,
 " There would be nothing diff'rent in the case;
 " But if both thing and place should sacred be 23
 " 'Twere height of sacrilege, as doctors all agree."
 " Then," says the Doctor, " for more light in this,
 " To put a special case were not amiss.
 " Suppose a man should take a Common Pray'r
 " Out of a chapel where there is some to spare?" 30
 " A Common Pray'r!" says Paddy; " that would be
 " A sacrilege of an intense degree."
 " Suppose that one should in these holydays
 " Take thence a bunch of rosemary or bays?"
 " I 'd not be too censorious in that case, 35
 " But 't would be sacrilege still from the place."
 " What if a man should from the chapel take
 " A taper's end? should he a scruple make,
 " If homeward to his chambers he should go,
 " Whether it were theft or sacrilege or no?" 40
 The fly insinuation was perceiv'd:
 Says Paddy, " Doctor, you may be deceiv'd
 " Unless in cases you distinguish right;
 " But this may be resolv'd at the first sight.
 " As to the taper it could be no theft, 45
 " For it had done its duty and was left;
 " And sacrilege in having it is none;
 " Because that in my sleeve I now have one." 48

LITTLE MOUTHS.

FROM London Paul the carrier coming down
 To Wantage meets a beauty of the Town:
 They both accost with salutation pretty,
 As, "How dost, Paul?"—"Thank you; and how
 "dost, Betty?"
 "Didst see our Jack nor sister? No; you've seen
 "I warrant none but those who saw the queen."

"Many words spoke in jest," says Paul, "are true.
 "I came from Windsor"; and if some folks know
 "As much as I it might be well for you."
 "Lord, Paul! what is it?"—"Why, give me some-
 "thing for it."
 "This kiss, and this. The matter then is short;
 "The Parliament have made a proclamation,
 "Which will this week be sent all round the nation,
 "That maids with Little Mouths do all prepare
 "On Sunday next to come before the Mayor,
 "And that all bachelors be likewise there;
 "For maids with Little Mouths shall if they please
 "From out of these young men chuse two a piece."

Betty with bridled chin extends her face;
 And then contracts her lips with simp'ring grace;
 Cries "Hem! pray what must all the huge ones do
 "For husbands when we Little Mouths have two?"

* Where Queen Anne and her court frequently resided.

Volume II.

"Hold, not so fast," cries he: "pray pardon me;
 "Maids with huge gaping wide mouths must have
 three."

Betty distorts her face with hideous squall, } 23
 And mouth of a foot wide begins to bawl, }
 "Oh ho! is it so? The case is alter'd, Paul."
 "Is that the point? I wish the three were ten;
 "I warrant I find Mouth if they 'll find men." 29

HOLD FAST BELOW.

THERE was a lad, th' unluckiest of his crew,
 Was still contriving something bad but new;
 His comrades all obedience to him paid
 In executing what designs he laid;
 'Twas they should rob the orchard he'd retire; 5
 His foot was safe whilst theirs was in the fire.
 He kept them in the dark to that degree
 None should presume to be so wise as he;
 But being at the top of all affairs
 The profit was his own, the mischief theirs. 10
 There fell some words made him begin to doubt
 The rogues would grow so wise to find him out:
 He was not pleas'd with this, and so next day
 He cries to them; as going just to play,
 "What a rare jackdaw's nest is there! look up, 15
 "You see it is almost at the steeple's top."
 "Ah!" says another, "we can have no hope
 "Of getting thither to it without a rope."
 Says then the fleeing spark, with court'ous grin,
 By which he drew his infant cullies in, 20

"Nothing more easy! did you never see a bad }
 "How in a swarm bees hanging bee by bee }
 "Make a long fort of rope below the tree? }
 "Why may n't we do the same, good Mr. John? }
 "For that contrivance pray let me alone. 25 }
 "Tom shall hold Will, you Will, and I'll hold you, }
 "And then I warrant you the thing will do: 30 }
 "But if there is any does not care to try, }
 "Let us have no jackdaws, and what care I! }
 "That touch'd the quick, and so they soon comply'd; }
 "No argument like that was e'er deny'd, 31 }
 "And therefore instantly the thing was try'd. }
 "They hanging down on strength above depend, }
 "Then to himself mutters their trusty friend; }
 "The dogs are almost useless grown to me; 35 }
 "I ne'er shall have such opportunity }
 "To part with them, and so e'en let them go." }
 "Then cries aloud, "So ho! my Lads! so ho! }
 "You're gone unless ye all Hold Fast Below. }
 "They've serv'd my turn, so it is fit time to drop 'em: }
 "The devil if he wants them let him stop 'em." 41 }

JUST AS YOU PLEASE,

OR, THE INCURIOS,

A VIRTUOSO had a mind to see
 One that would never discontented be,
 But in a careless way to all agree.

He had a servant much of *Humpus*'s kind,
 Of personage uncouth but sprightly mind.
 "Humpus," says he, "I order that you find
 "Out such a man, with such a character
 "As in this paper now I give you here,
 "Or I will lug your ears or crack your pate,
 "Or rather you shall meet with a worse fate,
 "For I will break your back and set you straight."
 "Bring him to dinner." *Humpus* soon withdrew,
 Was safe as having such a one in view
 At *Covent Garden* Dial, whom he found
 Sitting with thoughtless air and look profound,
 Who solitary gaping without care
 Seem'd to say, "Who is it? wilt go any where?"
 Says *Humpus*, "Sir, my master bad me pray
 "Your company to dine with him to-day."
 He stiffs, then follows. Up the stairs he goes,
 Never pulls off his hat nor cleans his shoes,
 But looking round him saw a handsome room,
 And did not much repent that he was come.
 Close to the fire he draws an elbowchair,
 And lolling easy doth for sleep prepare. 25
 In comes the family, but he sits still,
 Thinks, "Let them take the other chairs that will."
 The master thus accosts him: "Sir, you're wet,
 "Pray have a cushion underneath your feet."
 Thinks he, "If I do spoil it need I care?
 "I see he has eleven more to spare." 30

Dinner is brought up; the wife is bid retreat,
And at the upper end must be his seat.

"This is not very usual," thinks the clown;

"But is not all the family his own?"

"And why should I for contradiction's sake

"Lose a good dinner which he bids me take?"

"If from his table she discarded be,

"What need I care? there is the more for me."

After a while the daughter is bid to stand,

And bring him whatsoever he'll command.

Thinks he, "The better from the fairer hand!"

Young master next must rise to fill him wine,

And starve himself to see the booby dine.

He does. The father asks, "What have you there?"

"How dare you give a stranger vinegar?"

"Sir, it was Champaigne I gave him."

"Take him and scourge him till the rascal bleed;

"Do n't spare him for his tears or age: I'll try

"If cat o' nine tails can excuse a lie."

Thinks the clown, "That it was wine I do believe,

"But such young rogues are aptest to deceive:

"He is none of mine, but his own flesh and blood,

"And how know I but it may be for his good?"

When the dessert came on, and jellies brought,

Then was the dismal scene of finding fault:

They were such hideous, filthy, pois'nous, stuff,

Could not be rail'd at nor reveng'd enough.

Humpus was ask'd who made them? Trembling he
 Said, "Sir, it was my lady gave them me." 66
 "No more such poison shall she ever give;
 "I'll burn the witch; it can't sitting she should live;"
 "Set faggots in the court; I'll make her fry; but
 "And pray, good Sir, may it please you to be by?"
 Then, smiling, says the clown, "Upon my life by
 "A pretty fancy this to burn one's wife!
 "And since I find it is really your design,
 "Pray let me just step home and fetch you mine." 68

ULYSSES AND TIRESIAS.

TELL me, old Prophet, tell me how
 Estate when sunk and pocket low,
 What subtle arts, what secret ways,
 May the desponding fortune raise?
 You laugh: thus misery is scorn'd,
 Tiresias, Sure it is enough you are return'd
 Home by your wit, and view again
 Your farm of Ithac and wife Pen.

ULYSSES. Sage Friend! whose word is a law to me,
 My want and nakedness you see,
 The sparks who made my wife such offers
 Have left me nothing in my coffers;
 They've kill'd my oxen, sheep, and geese,
 Eat up my bacon and my cheese.

Lineage and virtue at this push not worth a dish of
Without the gelt is not worth a rush.

TIRES. Why, not to mince the matter more,
You are averse to being poor,
Therefore find out some rich old cussid
That never thinks he has enough.
Have you a swan, a turkey pie,
With woodcocks, thither let them fly;
The first fruits of your early spring
Not to the gods but to him bring.

Tho' he a foundling bastard be,
Convict of frequent perjury,
His hands with brother's blood imbr'd,
By justice for that crime pursu'd,
Never the wall when ask'd refuse,
Nor lose your friend to save your shoes.

ULYSS. 'Twixt Damas and the kennel go
Which is the filthiest of the two?
Before Troy town it was nob so
There with the best I us'd to strive.

TIRES. Why, by that means you'll never thrive.

ULYSS. It will be very hard, that is true;
Yet I'll my gen'rous mind subdue.

THAME AND ISIS.

So the god Thame, as thro' some pond he glides,
Into the arms of wand'ring Isis slides;

His strength, her softness, in one bed combine,
 And both with bands inextricable join;
 Now no cerulean nymph or sea god knows
 Where Isis or where Thame distinctly flows,
 But with a lasting charm they blend their stream,
 Producing one imperial River—Thame.

NERO, A SATIRE.

WE know how ruin, once did reign
 When Rome was fir'd and Senate slain:
 The prince with brother's gore imbru'd
 His tender mother's life pursu'd;
 How he the carcass as it lay
 Did without tear or blush survey,
 And censure each majestick grace
 That still adorn'd that breathless face;
 Yet he with sword could domineer
 Where dawning light does first appear
 From rays of Phœbus; and command
 Thro' his whole course, ev'n to that strand
 Where he abhorring such a sight
 Sinks in the wat'ry gloom of night;
 Yet he could death and terrour throw
 Where Thulé starves in northern snow,
 Where southern heats do fiercely pass
 O'er burning sands that melt to glass.

Fond hopes! could height of pow'r assuage
 The mad excess of Nero's rage?
 Hard is the fate when subjects find
 The sword unjust to poison join'd!

INDIAN ODE.

DARCO.
CESAR, possess'd of Egypt's queen,
 And conq'r'or of her charms,
 Would envy had he **Darco** seen
 When lock'd in **Zabra's** arms.

ZABRA. Should Memnon that fam'd black revive,
 Aurora's darling son,
 For **Zabra's** heart in vain he'd strive,
 Where **Darco** reigns alone.

DARCO. Fresh mulberries new press'd disclose
 A blood of purple hue,
 And **Zabra's** lips like crimson rose
 Swell with a fragrant dew.

ZABRA. The am'rous **Sun** has kiss'd his face,
 And now those beams are set;
 A lovely night assumes the place
 And tinges all with jet.

DARCO. Darkness is my stick priest to Love,
 And does its rites conceal:
 O'erspread with clouds such joys we'll prove
 As Day shall ne'er reveal.

ZABRA. In gloom of night when Darco's eyes
Are guides what heart can stray
Whoever views his teeth descries
The bright and Milky Way. 24

DARCO. Tho' born to rule fierce Libya's sands
That with gold's lustre shine,
With ease I quit those high commands
Whilst Zabra thus is mine. 28

ZABRA. Should I to that blest world repair
Where whites no portion have,
I'd soon if Darco were not there
Fly back and be a slave. 32

ADVICE TO HORACE

TO TAKE HIS LEAVE OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

HORACE, you now have long enough
At Cambridge play'd the fool,
Take back your criticising stuff
To Epicurus' school. 4

But in excuse of this you'll say
You're so unwieldy grown,
That if amongst that herd you lay
You scarcely should be known. 8

How many butter'd crusts you 've tost
 Into your weem so big,
 That you 're more like (at College cost)
 A porpoise than a pig.

12

But you from head to foot are brawn,
 And so from side to side :
 You measure (were a circle drawn)
 No longer than you 're wide.

16

Then bless me! Sir, how many craggs
 You 've drunk of potent ale!
 No wonder if the belly swaggs
 That is rival to a whale.

20

E'en let the Fellows take the rest,
 They 've had a jolly taster;
 But no great likelihood to feast
 'Twixt Horace and the master!

24

DUKE OF BEAUTIFUL

OF DREAMS.

"For a Dream cometh thro' the multitude of business."

ECCLES. v. 4.

"Somnis, quæ ludant mente volitantibus umbris,

"Non delubra deum nec ab æthere numina mittunt,

"Sed sibi quisque facit," &c.

PETRONIUS.

THE flitting Dreams that play before the wind
 Are not by Heav'n for prophecies design'd,
 Nor by ethereal beings sent us down;
 But each man is creator of his own;
 For when their weary limbs are sunk in ease
 The souls essay to wander where they please,
 The scatter'd images have space to play,
 And night repeats the labours of the day.

I waked speaking these out of a Dream in the Morning.

NATURE a thousand ways complains,
 A thousand words express her pains,
 But for her laughter has but three,
 And very small ones, Ha! ha! he!

TO THE

DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

A Paraphrase on Naudæus's Address to Cardinal de Bagni.*

THE time will come (if Fate shall please to give
 This feeble thread of mine more space to live)

* Dr. King dedicated his English version of that work to the Duke of Marlborough.

When I shall you and all your acts rehearse
 In a much loftier and more fluent verse :
 To Ganges' banks and China farther east, 5
 To Carolina and the distant west, }
 Your name shall fly, and ev'ry where be blest;
 Thro' Spain and tracks of Libyan sands shall go
 To Russian limits and to Zembla's snow:
 Then shall my eager Muse expand her wing, 10
 Your love of justice and your goodness sing,
 Your greatness equal to the state you hold,
 In counsel wise, in execution bold;
 How there appears in all that you dispense
 Beauty, good nature, and the strength of sense. 15
 These let the world admire.—From you a smile
 Is more than a reward of all my toil. 17

VERSES

FOUND IN THE AUTHOR'S POCKET.

I SING the various chances of the world,
 Thro' which men are by Fate or Fortune hurl'd.
 'Tis by no scheme or method that I go,
 But paint in verse my notions as they flow; 4
 With heat the wanton images pursue,
 Fond of the old, yet still creating new;
 Fancy myself in some secure retreat,
 Resolve to be content, and so be great. 8

Volume II.

O

EPISTLES.

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THE LATE EARL OF —*,

Upon his disputing publickly at Christ Church, Oxford.

MUSE! to thy master's lodgings quickly fly,
Entrance to thee his goodness won't deny;
With due submission tell him you are mine,
And that you trouble him with this design,
Exactly to inform his noble youth
Of what you heard just now from vanquish'd Truth:
"Conquer'd, undone," 't is strange that there should be
"In this confession pleasure ev'n to me.
"With well wrought terms my hold I strongly barr'd,
"And rough distinctions were my surly guard. 10
"Whilst I sure of my cause this strength possess
"A noble youth, advancing with address,
"Led glitt'ring Falsehood on with so much art
"That I soon felt sad omens in my heart. 14
"Words with that grace," said I, "must needs per-
"I find myself insensibly betray'd. [suade;
"Whilst he pursues his conquest I retreat,
"And by that name would palliate my defeat.
"But here methinks I do the prospect see
"Of all those triumphs he prepares for me; 20

* Probably James the third Earl of Anglesea.

"When Virtue or when Innocence oppress
 "Fly for sure refuge to his gen'rous breast,
 "When with a noble mien his youth appears,
 "And gentle voice persuades the list'ning peers,
 "Judges shall wonder when he clears the laws,
 "Dispelling mists which long have hid their cause;
 "Then by his aid, aid that can never fail,
 "Ev'n I tho' conquer'd now shall sure prevail;
 "Thousands of wreaths to me he shall repay
 "For that one laurel Errour wears to-day." 30

TO MR. CARTER,

STEWART TO THE LORD CARTERET.

ACCEPT of health from one who writing this
 Wishes you in the same that now he is:
 Tho' to your person he may be unknown
 His wishes are as hearty as your own;
 For Carter's drink when in his master's hand
 Has pleasure and good nature at command.
 What tho' his lordship's lands are in your trust
 'Tis greater to his brewing to be just:
 As to that matter no one can find fault
 If you supply him still with well dry'd malt:
 Still be a servant constant to afford
 A liquor fitting for your gen'rous lord;
 Liquor like him, from seeds of worth in light
 With sparkling atoms still ascending bright.
 O if

May your accounts so with your lord stand clear, 13
 And have your reputation like your beer!
 The main perfection of your life pursue;
 In March, October, ev'ry month, still brew,
 And get the character of Who but you? 19 }

EPISTLE TO MR. GODDARD,

WRITTEN BY DR. KING

In the Character of The Review.

To Windsor Canon, his wellchosen friend,
 The just Review does kindest greeting send.
 I've found the man by Nature's gift design'd
 To please my ear and captivate my mind,
 By sympathy the eager passions move,
 And strike my soul with wonder and with love
 Happy that place where much less care is had
 To save the virtuous than protect the bad,
 Where pastors must their stubborn flock obey,
 Or that he thought a scandal which they say;
 For should a sin by some grand soul belov'd
 Chance with an awkward zeal to be reprov'd,
 And tender conscience meet the fatal curse
 Of hard'ning by reproof and growing worse,
 When things to such extremities are brought
 'Tis not the sinner's but the teacher's fault.
 With great men's wickedness then rest content,
 And give them their own leisure to repent, [them,
 Whilst their own headstrong will alone must curb
 And nothing vex or venture to disturb them, 20

Left they should lose their favour in the Court,
 And no one but themselves be sorry for 't.
 Were I in panegyrick vers'd like you,
 I'd bring whole off'rings to your merit due.
 You've gain'd the conquest, and I freely own
 Dissenters may by churchmen be outdone.
 Tho' once we seem'd to be at such a distance,
 Yet both concentre in divine resistance.
 Both teach what kings must do when subjects fight,
 And both disclaim hereditary right.
 By Jove's command two eagles took their flight,
 One from the east, the source of infant light,
 The other from the west, that bed of night;
 The birds of Thunder both at Delphi meet,
 The centre of the world, and Wisdom's seat: 35
 So by a pow'r not decent here to name
 To one fixt point our various notions came;
 Your thoughts from Oxford and from Windsor flow,
 Whilst Shop and Meeting-house brought forth Review:
 Your brains fierce eloquence and logick try'd,
 My humbler strain choice socks and stockings cry'd;
 Yet in our common principles we meet,
 You sinking from the head, I rising from the feet.
 Pardon a hasty Muse, ambitious grown
 To extol a merit far beyond his own; 45
 For tho' a mod'rate painter can't command
 The stroke of Titian's or of Raphael's hand,
 Yet their transcendent works his fancy raise,
 And there is some skill in knowing what to praise. 49

AD AMICUM.

PRIMUS ab Angliacis, Carolinæ Tyntus * in bras,
 Palladias artes secum, Cytharamque sonantem
 Attulit; ast illi comites Parnassido una
 Adveniunt; autorque viæ consultus Apollo:
 Ille idem sparsos longè latèque colonos
 Legibus in cœtus æquis, atque oppida cogit;
 Hinc hominum molliri animos, hinc mercibus optis
 Crescere divitias et surgere tecta deorum.
 Talibus auspiciis doctæ conduntur Athenæ,
 Sic byrsaingentem Didonis crevit in urbem
 Carthago regum domitrix; sic aurea Roma
 Orbe triumphato nitidum caput intulit astris.

ATTEMPTED IN ENGLISH.

TYNTE was the man who first from British shore
 Palladian arts to Carolina bore;
 His tuneful harp attending Muses strung,
 And Phœbus' skill inspir'd the lays he sung;
 Strong tow'rs and palaces their rise began,
 And list'ning stones to sacred fabricks ran;
 Just laws were taught and curious arts of peace,
 And trade's brisk current flow'd with wealth's increase.
 On such foundations learned Athens rose,
 So Dido's thong did Carthage first enclose,
 So Rome was taught old empires to subdue,
 As Tynte creates and governs now the new.

* Major Tynte, Governor of Carolina.

A GENTLEMAN TO HIS WIFE.

WHEN your kind wishes first I sought
 'Twas in the dawn of youth;
 I toasted you, for you I sought;
 But never thought of truth.

You saw how still my fire increas'd,
 I griev'd to be deny'd;
 You said, "Till I to wander ceas'd
 "You'd guard your heart with pride."

I that once feign'd too many lies
 In height of passion swore
 By you and other deities
 That I would range no more.

I've sworn, and therefore now am fix'd,
 No longer false and vain;
 My passion is with honour mix'd,
 And both shall ever reign.

A LETTER

SENT BY SIR JOHN SUCKLING FROM FRANCE,

*Deploring his sad Estate and Flight; with a Discovery of
 the Plot and Conspiracy intended by him and his Adherents
 against England.*

Go, doleful Sheet! to ev'ry street
 Of London round about-a,
 And tell 'em all thy master's fall
 That lived bravely mought-a.

Sir John in fight as brave a wight
 As the knight of the Sun-a,
 Is forc'd to go away with wo,
 And from his country run-a. 8

Unhappy stars to breed such jars,
 That England's chief Sucklin-a
 Should prove of late the scorn of Fate
 And Fortune's unlucklin-a. 12

But ye may see inconstancy
 In all things under heav'n-a.
 When god withdraws his gracious laws
 We run at six and sev'n-a. 16

Alas, alas! how things do pass!
 What boots a handsome face-a,
 A pretty wit, and legs to it,
 Not season'd well with grace-a? 20

I that in court have made such sport
 As never yet was found-a,
 And tickled all both great and small
 The maids of honour round-a: 24

I that did play both night and day
 And revell'd here and there-a,
 Had change of suits, made lays to lutes,
 And bluster'd ev'ry where-a: 28

I that could write and well endite
 As 't is to ladies known-a,
 And bore the praise for songs and plays
 Far more than were mine own-a: 32

I that did lend and yearly spend
Thousands out of my purse-a,
And gave the king, a wondrous thing!
At once a hundred horse-a. 36

Blest providence that kept my sense
So well, that I fond elf-a
Should chance to hit to have the wit
To keep one for myself-a. 40

I that march'd forth into the North,
And went up hills amain-a
With sword and lance like king of France,
And so came down again-a. 44

I that have done such things the sun
And moon did never see-a,
Yet now poor John, a pox upon
The Fates, is fain to flee-a. 48

And for the brave I us'd to have
In all I wore or ate-a,
Accursed Chance to spoil the dance,
I scarce have clothes or meat-a. 52

Could not the plot by which I got
Such credit in the play-a,
Aglaura bright, that Persian wight,
My roving fancy stay-a? 56

But I must fly at things so high
Above me not allow'd-a,
And I Sir John like Ixion
For Juno kifs a cloud-a. 60

Would I had burn'd it when I turn'd it
 Out of a comedy-a;
 There was an omen in the nomen
 I fear of Tragedy-a; 64

Which is at last upon me cast,
 And I proclaim'd a for-a,
 For thinking to with English do
 As with a Persian plot-a. 68

But now I find with grief of mind
 What will not me avail-a,
 That plots in jest are ever best
 When plots in earnest fail-a. 72

Why could not I in time espy
 My error? but what is worse-a,
 Unhappy vermine must bring in Jermin
 The Master of the Horse-a. 76

The valiant Percy, god have mercy
 Upon his noble soul-a!
 Tho' he be wise by my advice
 Was in the plot most foul-a. 80

The witty poet, (let all know it)
 D'Avenant by name-a,
 In this design that I call mine
 Lutterly disclaim-a. 84

Tho' he can write he cannot fight,
 And bravely take a fort-a,
 Nor can he smell a project well,
 His nose it is too short-a. 88

'Tis true we met in council set,
 And plotted here in prose-a,
 And what he wanted it is granted
 A bridge made of his nose-a. 92

But to impart it to his art
 We had made pretty stuff-a:
 No, for the plot that we had got
 One poet was enough-a; 96

Which had not Fate and prying State
 Crush'd in the very womb-a,
 We had e'er long by power strong
 Made England but one tomb-a. 100

Oh what a fright had bred that fight
 When Ireland, Scotland, France-a,
 Within the wall of London all
 In sev'ral troops should prance-a! 104

When men quarter'd, women slaughter'd,
 In heaps every where-a
 So thick should die the enemy
 The very fight should scare-a; 108

That they afraid of what they made,
 A stream of blood so high-a,
 For safety fled, should mount the dead,
 And unto heav'n get nigh-a. 112

The scarlet gown and best i' th' Town
 Each other would bewail-a,
 That their shut purse had brought this curse
 That did so much prevail-a. 116

Each alderman in his own chain
 Being hang'd up like a dog-a,
 And all the City without pity
 Made but one bloody bog-a. 130

The Irish kern in battle stern
 For all their faults so foul-a,
 Pride, use, ill-gain, and want of brain,
 Teaching them how to howl-a. 124

No longer then the fine women
 The Scots would praise and trust-a,
 The wanton dames being burnt in flames
 Far hotter than their lust-a: 128

But too too late lament their fate,
 And misery deplore-a,
 By the French knocks have got a pox
 Worse than they had before-a. 132

Infants unborn should 'scape the horn
 By being murder'd then-a,
 Which they were sure if life endure
 To have when they were men-a. 136

The precise fry that now mounts high
 Full low we cast their lot-a,
 And all that think it sin to drink
 We doom'd unto the pot-a. 140

The Parliament is fully bent
 To root up bishops clean-a;
 To raise their fort and spoil their sport
 We did intend and mean-a. 144

With many things confusion brings
 To kingdoms in an hour-a,
 To burn up tillage, sack and pillage,
 And handsome maids deflour-a. 143

But Argus' eye did soon espy
 What we so much did trust-a,
 And to our shame and loss of fame
 Our plot laid in the dust-a. 152

And had we staid I am afraid
 That their Briarean hand-a
 Had struck us dead, (who now are fled)
 And seized all our land-a. 156

But thanks to Heav'n three of the sev'n
 That were the plotters chief-a
 Have led to France their wits a dance
 To find out a relief-a. 160

But D'Avenant * shakes and buttons makes
 As strongly with his breech-a
 As he ere long did with his tongue
 Make many a bombast speech-a. 164

But yet we hope he 'll 'scape the rope
 That now him so doth fright-a,
 The Parliament being content
 That he his fact should write-a. 168

* Sir William D'Avenant the dramatick poet, and author
 of Gondibert, &c.

SONGS.

SONG.

You say you love; repeat again,
Repeat th' amazing sound;
Repeat the ease of all my pain,
'The cure of ev'ry wound. 4

What you to thousands have deny'd
To me you freely give;
Whilst I in humble silence dy'd
Your mercy bids me live. 8

So upon Latmos' top each night
Endymion fighting lay,
Gaz'd on the moon's transcendent light,
Despair'd and durst not pray. 12

But divine Cynthia saw his grief
Th' effect of conq'ring charms;
Unask'd the goddess brings relief,
And falls into his arms. 16

SONG. TO CÆLIA.

THE cruel Cælia loves and burns
 In flames she cannot hide;
 Make her, dear Thyrsis! cold returns,
 Treat her with scorn and pride.

You know the captives she has made
 The torment of her chain;
 Let her, let her, be once betray'd,
 Or rack her with disdain.

See tears flow from her piercing eyes;
 She bends her knee divine:
 Her tears for Damon's sake despise;
 Let her kneel still for mine.

Pursue thy conquest, charming Youth!
 Her haughty beauty vex,
 Till trembling virgins learn this truth—
 Men can revenge their sex.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAM.

Who could believe that a fine needle's smart
Should from a finger pierce a virgin's heart,
That from an orifice so very small
The spirits and the vital blood should fall?
Strephon and Phaon, I'll be judg'd by you
If more than this has not been found too true.
From smaller darts much greater wounds arise
When shot by Cynthia's or by Laura's eyes. 8

EPIGRAM.

SAM Wills had view'd Kate Bets, a smiling lass,
And for her pretty mouth admir'd her face:
Kate had lik'd Sam for nose of Roman size,
Not minding his complexion or his eyes.
They met—Says Sam, "Alas! to say the truth
"I find myself deceiv'd by that small mouth."
"Alas!" cries Kate, "could any one suppose
"I could be so deceiv'd by such a nose?
"But I henceforth shall hold this maxim just,
"To have experience first, and then to trust." 10

IMITATIONS.

RUFINUS,

OR, THE FAVOURITE.*

IMITATED FROM CLAUDIAN.

ORT' as I wond'ring stand a secret doubt I feel
Puzzles my reason and disturbs my thought,
Whether this lower world by chance does move,
Or guided by the guardian hand of Jove.

When I survey the world's harmonious frame,
How Nature lives immutably the same,
How stated bounds and ambient shores restrain
The rolling surges of the briny main,
How constant Time revolves the circling year,
How day and night alternately appear,
Then am I well convinc'd some Secret Soul,
Some First Informing Pow'r, directs the whole,
Some Great Intelligence, who turns the spheres,
Who rules the steady motion of the stars,
Who decks with borrow'd light the waning moon,
And fills with native light th' unchanging sun;

* The essay to which this poem was originally annexed was written in 1711, as a harsh satire on the Duke of Marlborough, dictated perhaps rather by party rage than truth. It is printed in Dr. King's Works, vol. II. p. 286.

Who hangs the earth amidst surrounding skies,
And bids her various fruits in various seasons rise.

But soon as I reflect on human state,
How blind, how unproportion'd, is our fate, 20
How ill men crown'd with blessings smoothly pass
A golden circle of delightful days,
How good men bear the rugged paths of life,
Condemn'd to endless cares, to endless strife,
Then am I lost again; religion fails; 25
Then Epicurus' bolder scheme prevails,
Which thro' the void makes wand'ring atoms dance,
And calls the medley world the work of Chance, 30
Which God's eternal providence denies,
And feigns him nodding in the distant skies. 35

At length Rufinus' fate my doubt removes,
And God's existence and his justice proves:
Nor do I longer undeceiv'd complain
The wicked flourish and triumphant reign,
Since they to fortune's heights are rais'd alone 35
To rush with greater ruin headlong down.

But here instruct thy bard, Pierian dame!
Whence and of whom the dire contagion came.

Alecto's breast with rage and envy glows
To see the world possess'd of sweet repose; 40
Down to the dreary realms below she bends,
There summons a cabal of sister fiends;
Thither unnumber'd plagues direct their flight,
The cursed progeny of Hell and Night.

First Discord rears her head, the nurse of War; 45
 Next Famine fiercely stalks with haughty air, [breath;
 Then Age scarce drags her limbs, scarce draws her
 But tott'ring on approaches neighb'ring Death :
 Here grows Disease, with inbred tortures worn ;
 There Envy snarls, and others' good does mourn ;
 There Sorrow sighs, her robe to tatters torn ; 51
 Fear sculks behind, and trembling hides her face,
 But Rashness headlong thrusts her front of brass ;
 Then Luxury, wealth's bane, profusely shines,
 Whilst Want attending in a cloud repines ; 55
 A train of sleepless self tormenting cares,
 Daughters of meagre Avarice, appears *,
 Who as around her wither'd neck they cling
 Confess the parent hag from whence they spring :
 Here ills of each malignant kind resort ; 60
 A thousand monsters guard the dreadful court.

Amidst th' infernal crowd Alecto stands,
 And a deep silence awfully commands,
 Then in tumultuous terms like these express
 A passion long had swell'd within her breast : 65

" Shall we supine permit these peaceful days
 " So smooth, so gay, so undisturb'd, to pass ?
 " Shall pity melt, shall clemency control,
 " A Fury's fierce and unrelenting soul ?

* This is an instance in which Dr. King in common with
 some greater poets has sacrificed grammar to (even a very
 indifferent) rhyme.

" What do our iron whips, our brands, avail, 70
 " What all the horrid implements of hell,
 " Since mighty Jove debars us of his skies,
 " Since Theodosius too his earth denies?
 " Such were the days, and so their tenour ran;
 " When the first happy Golden Age began: 75
 " Virtue and Concord with their heav'nly train,
 " With Piety and Faith, securely reign;
 " Nay Justice in imperial pomp array'd
 " Boldly explores this everlasting shade;
 " Me she insulting menaces and awes, 80
 " Reforms the world, and vindicates her laws.
 " And shall we then, neglected and forlorn,
 " From ev'ry region banish'd, idly mourn?
 " Assert yourselves, know what and whence you
 are,
 " Attempt some glorious mischief worth your
 " Involve the universe in endless war. [care, 85
 " Oh! that I could in Stygian vapours rise,
 " Darken the sun, pollute the balmy skies,
 " Let loose the rivers, deluge ev'ry plain,
 " Break down the barriers of the roaring main, 90
 " And shatter Nature into Chaos once again!"
 So rag'd the fiend, and toss'd her vipers round,
 Which hissing pour'd their poison on the ground.
 A murmur thro' the jarring audience rung,
 Diff'rent resolves from diff'rent reasons sprung. 95
 So when the fury of the storm is past,
 When the rough winds in softer murmurs waste,

So sounds, so fluctuates, the troubled sea
As the expiring tempest ploughs its way.

Megara rising then address'd the throng, 100
To whom sedition, tumult, rage, belong,
Whose food is entrails of the guiltless dead,
Whose drink is children's blood by parents shed.
She scorch'd Alcides with a frantick flame,
She broke the bow the savage world did tame; 105
She nerv'd the arm, she flung the deadly dart,
When Athamas transfix'd Learchus' heart;
She prompted Agamemnon's monstrous wife
To take her injur'd lord's devoted life;
She breath'd revenge and rage into the son, 110
So did the mother's blood the fire's atone;
She blinded Oedipus with kindred charms,
Forc'd him incest'ous to a mother's arms;
She stung Thyestes, and his fury fed,
She taught him to pollute a daughter's bed. 115
Such was her dreadful speech:

" Your schemes not practical nor lawful are
" With Heav'n and Jove to wage unequal war;
" But if the peace of man you would invade,
" If o'er the ravag'd earth destruction spread, 120
" Then shall Rufinus, fram'd for ev'ry ill,
" With your own vengeance execute your will;
" A prodigy from savage parents sprung,
" Impetuous as a tigress new with young,

" Fierce as the Hydra, fickle as the flood, 123

" And keen as meagre Harpies for their food.

" Soon as the infant drew the vital air

" I first receiv'd him to my nursing care,

" And often he, when tender yet and young,

" Cry'd for the teat, and on my bosom hung, 130

" Whilst my horn'd serpents round his visage play'd,

" His features form'd, and there their venom shed,

" Whilst I infusing breath'd into his heart

" Deceit, and craft, and ev'ry hurtful art,

" Taught him t' involve his soul in secret clouds, 135

" With false dissembling smiles to veil his frauds.

" Not dying patriots' tortures can assuage

" His inborn cruelty, his native rage;

" Not Tagus' yellow torrent can suffice

" His boundless and unsated avarice; 140

" Nor all the metal of Pactolus' streams,

" Nor Hérmus, glitt'ring as the solar beams.

" If you the stratagem propos'd approve,

" Let us to Court this bane of crowns remove;

" There shall he soon with his intriguing art 145

" Guide uncontroll'd the willing prince's heart:

" Not Numa's wisdom shall that heart defend

" When the false Fav'rite acts the faithful Friend."

Soon as she ended the surrounding crowd

With peals of joy the black design applaud. 150

Now with an adamant her hair she bound,

With a blue serpent girt her vest around,

Then hastes to Phlegeton's impetuous stream,
Whose pitchy waves are flakes of rolling flame, 154
There lights a torch, and straight with wings dis-
Shoots swiftly thro' the dun Tartarean glade. [play'd
A place on Gallia's utmost verge there lies
Extended to the sea and southern skies,
Where once Ulysses, as old fables tell,
Invok'd and rais'd th' inhabitants of hell, 160
Where oft' with staring eyes the trembling hind
Sees airy phantoms skim before the wind,
Hence springs the Fury into upper skies,
Infecting all the region as she flies;
She roars, and shakes the atmosphere around, 165
And earth and sea rebellow to the sound;
Then straight transform'd her snakes to silver hairs,
And like an old decrepit sage appears;
Slowly she creeps along with trembling gait,
Scarce can her languid limbs sustain her weight: 170
At length arriving at Rufinus' cell,
Which from his monstrous birth she knew so well,
She mildly thus hell's darling hope address,
Sooth'd his ambition and inflam'd his breast:

"Can sloth dissolve Rufinus? canst thou pass 175

"Thy sprightly youth in soft inglorious ease?

"Know that thy better fate, thy kinder star,

"Does more exalted paths for thee prepare.

"If thou an old man's counsel canst obey 179

"The subject world shall own thy sov'reign sway;

" For my enlighten'd soul, my conscious breast,
 " Of magick's secret science, is possess'd.
 " Oft' have I forc'd with mystick midnight spells
 " Pale spectres from their subterranean cells:
 " Old Hecate attends my pow'rful song, 185
 " Pow'rful to hasten fate or to prolong;
 " Pow'rful the rooted stubborn oak to move,
 " To stop the thunder bursting from above,
 " To make the rapid flood's descending stream
 " Flow backward to the fountain whence it came. 190
 " Nor doubt my truth—behold with just surprise
 " An effort of my art—a palace rise."

She said, and lo! a palace tow'ring seems
 With Parian pillars and metallick beams:
 Rufinus ravish'd with the vast delight 195
 Gorges his avarice and gluts his sight.
 Such was his transport, such his sudden pride,
 When Midas first his golden wish enjoy'd,
 But as his stiff'ning food to metal turn'd
 He found his rashness, and his ruin mourn'd. 200

" Be thou or man or god," Rufinus said,
 " I follow wheresoe'er thy dictates lead."
 Then from his hut he flies, assumes the state
 Propounded by the fiend, prepar'd by Fate.
 Ambition soon began to lift her head, 205
 Soaring she mounts with restless pinions spread;
 But Justice conscious shuns the poison'd air
 Where only prostituted tools repair,

Where Stilico and virtue not avail,
 Where royal favours stand expos'd to sale,
 Where now Rufinus, scandalously great,
 Loads lab'ring nations with oppressive weight,
 Keeps the obsequious world depending still
 On the proud dictates of his lawless will,
 Advances those whose fierce and factious zeal
 Prompts ever to resist and to rebel,
 But those impeaches who their prince commend,
 Who dauntless dare his sacred rights defend,
 Expounds small riots into highest crimes,
 Brands loyalty as treason to the times;
 An haughty minion, mad with empire grown,
 Enslaves the subjects and insults the throne.

A thousand dissembling rivers pay
 Their everlasting homage to the sea;
 The Nile, the Rhine, the Danube, and the Thames,
 Pour constant down their tributary streams;
 But yet the sea confesses no increase,
 For all is swallow'd in the deep abyfs.

In craving still Rufinus' soul remains,
 Tho' fed with show'rs of gold and floods of gains;
 For he despoils and ravages the land;
 No state is free from his rapacious hand:
 Treasures immense he hoards, erects a tow'r
 To lodge the plunder'd world's collected store:
 Unmeasur'd is his wealth, unbounded is his pow'r.

Oh! whither wouldst thou rove, mistaken Man?
 Vain are thy hopes, thy acquisitions vain;

For now suppose thy avarice possess
 Of all the splendour of the glitt'ring East,
 Of Cræsus' mass of wealth, of Cyrus' crown, 240
 Suppose the ocean's treasure all thy own,
 Still would thy soul repine, still ask for more,
 Unblest with plenty, with abundance poor.
 Fabricius in himself, in virtue, great,
 Disdain'd a monarch's bribe, despis'd his state; 245
 Serranus as he grac'd the Consul's chair
 So could he guide the plough's laborious share;
 The fam'd, the warlike, Curii deign'd to dwell
 In a poor lonely cot and humble cell:
 Such a retreat to me is more glorious far 250
 Than all thy pomp than all thy triumphs are.
 Give me my solitary native home,
 Take thou thy rising tow'r, thy lofty dome:
 Tho' there thy furniture of radiant die
 Abstracts and ravishes the curious eye, 255
 Tho' each apartment, ev'ry spacious room,
 Shines with the glories of the Tyrian loom,
 Yet here I view a more delightful scene:
 Where Nature's freshest bloom and beauties reign,
 Where the warm zephir's genial balmy wing 260
 Playing diffuses an eternal spring:
 Tho' there thy lewd lascivious limbs are laid
 On a rich downy couch or golden bed,
 Yet here extended on the flow'ry grass
 More free from care my guiltless hours I pass; 265

Tho' there thy sycophants, a servile race! do live to
 Gripe at thy levees and resound thy praise;
 Yet here a murmur'ing stream or warbling bird
 To me does sweeter harmony afford

Nature on all the pow'r of bliss bestows,
 Which from her bounteous source perpetual flows,
 But he alone with happiness is blest
 Who knows to use it rightly when possess'd;
 A doctrine if well poiz'd in Reason's scale
 Nor luxury nor want would thus prevail,
 Nor would our fleets so frequent plough the main;
 Nor our embattled armies strew the plain

But oh! Rufinus is to reason blind;
 A strange hydropick thirst inflames his mind
 No bribes his growing appetite can sate,
 For new possessions new desires create.
 No sense of shame, no modesty, restrains
 Where avarice or where ambition reigns
 When with strict oaths his profer'd faith he binds
 False are his vows and treach'rous his designs

Now should a patriot rise, his pow'r oppose,
 Should he assert a sinking nation's cause,
 He stirs a vengeance nothing can control,
 Such is the rancour of his haughty soul;
 Fell as a lioness in Libya's plain,
 When tortur'd with the jav'lin's pointed pain,
 Or a spurn'd serpent as she shoots along,
 With lightning in her eyes and poison in her tongue.

Nor will those families cras'd suffice,
 But provinces and cities he destroys;
 Urg'd on with blind revenge and settled hate
 He labours the confusion of the state,
 Subverts the nation's old establish'd frame,
 Explodes her laws and tramples on her fame.

If e'er in mercy he pretends to save
 A man pursu'd by faction from the grave,
 Then he invents new punishments, new pains,
 Condemns to silence, and from truth restrains *;
 Then racks and pillories, and bonds and bars,
 Then ruin and impeachments, he prepares.

O dreadful mercy! more than death severe!
 That doubly tortures whom it seems to spare!

All seem enslav'd, all bow to him alone,
 Nor dare their hate their just resentments own,
 But inward grieve, their sighs and pangs confin'd,
 Which with convulsive sorrow tear the mind.

Envy is mute—it is treason to disclose
 The baneful source of their eternal woes.

But Stilico's superiour soul appears
 Unshock'd, unmov'd, by base ignoble fears.
 He is the polar star directs the state
 When parties rage and publick tempests beat;
 He is the safe retreat, the sweet repose,
 Can sooth and calm afflicted Virtue's woes;

* Alluding to the sentence then recently passed on Dr. Sacheverell, for whom our Author was a professed advocate.

He is the solid, firm, unshaken, force
That only knows to stem th' invader's course

So when a river swell'd with winter's rains
The limits of its wonted shore disdains;
Bridges, and stones, and trees, in vain oppose
With unresisted rage the torrent flows,
But as it rolling meets a mighty rock
Whose fix'd foundations can repel the shock,
Elided surges roar in eddies round,
The rock unmov'd reverberates the sound

THE STUMBLINGBLOCK,

FROM CLAUDIAN'S RUFINUS.

TWENTY conundrums have of late
Been buzzing in my addle pate,
If earthly things are rul'd by Heav'n,
Or matters go at six and sev'n,
The coach without a coachman driv'n?
A pilot at the helm to guide,
Or the ship left to wind and tide?
A great First Cause to be ador'd,
Or whether all is a lott'ry board?
For when in viewing Nature's face
I spy so regular a grace,
So just a symmetry of features
From stern to stern in all her creatures,

* See a serious translation above.

Quij

When on the boist'rous sea I think
 How it is confin'd like any sink,
 How summer, winter, spring, and fall,
 Dance round in so exact a hawl,
 How like a chequer day and night
 One is mark'd with black and one with white.

Quoth I, I ken it well from hence
 There is a Presiding Influence
 Which won't permit the rambling stars
 To fall together by the ears,
 Which orders still the proper season
 For hay and oats, and beans and peasen,
 Which trims the sun with its own beams,
 Whilst the moon ticks for her's it seems,
 And, as ashamed of the disgrace,
 Unmasks but seldom all her face,
 Which bounds the ocean within banks
 To hinder all its madcap pranks,
 Which does the globe to an axle fit,
 Like wheel to nave or joint to spit.

But then again, how can it be
 Whilst such vast tracks of earth we see
 O'errun by barb'rous tyranny?
 Vile sycophants in clover blest
 Whilst patriots with Duke Humphry feast,
 Browbeaten, bully'd, and oppress'd?
 Pimps rais'd to honour, riches, rule,
 Whilst he who seems to be a tool
 Is the priest's knave, the placeman's fool!

This whimsical phenomenon
 Confounding all my *pro* and *con*
 Bamboozles the account again, 45
 And draws me *volens volens* in,
 Like a press'd soldier to espouse
 The sceptick's hypothetick cause,
 Who Kent will to a codling lay us
 That Cross-or-pile refin'd the Chaos, 50
 That jovial atoms once did dance,
 And form'd this merry orb by chance,
 No art or skill were taken up,
 But all fell out as round as hoop!
 A vacuum is another maxim 55
 Where he brags experience backs him,
 Denying that all space is full
 From inside of a Tory's skull:
 As to a deity, his tenet
 Swears by It there is nothing in it, 60
 Else it is too busy or too idle
 With our poor bagatelles to meddle.
 & Anna is a curb to lawless Louis,
 Which as illustrious as true is;
 Her victories o'er despotick right, 65
 That passive nonresisting bite,
 Have brought this mystery to light,
 Have fairly made the riddle out,
 And answer'd all the squeamish doubt,
 Have clear'd the regency on high 70
 From every presumpt'ous why.

No more I boggle as before,
 But with full confidence adore,
 Plain as nose on face expounding
 All this intricate dumb-sounding,
 Which to the meanest conception is
 As followeth hereunder,
 "Tyrants mount but like a meteor,
 To make their headlong fall the greater."

TO LAURA.

IN IMITATION OF PETRARCH.

At sight of murder'd Pompey's head
 Cæsar forgets his sex and state,
 And whilst his gen'rous tears are shed
 Wishes he had at least a milder fate.
 At Absalom's untimely fall
 David with grief his conquest views,
 Nay weeps for unrelenting Saul,
 And in soft verse the mournful theme pursues.
 The mightier Laura, from Love's darts secure,
 Beholds the thousand deaths that I endure,
 Each death made horrid with most cruel pain,
 Yet no frail pity in her looks appears,
 Her eyes betray no careless tears,
 But persecute me still with anger and disdain!

TRANSLATIONS.

AN INCOMPARABLE

ODE OF MALHERBE'S*,

*Written by him when the Marriage was on foot between the
King of France† and Anne of Austria.*

Translated by a great Admirer of the easiness of French Poetry.

Cette Anne si belle, This Anna so fair,
Qu'on vante si fort, So talk'd of by Fame,
Pourquoy ne vient elle? Why do n't she appear?
Vrayment elle a tort. 4 Indeed she's to blame. 4

Son Louïs soupire Lewis sighs for the sake
Après ses appas. Of her charms, as they say
Que veut elle dire What excuse can she make
Que elle ne vient pas? 8 For not coming away? 8
Si il ne la possède If he does not possess
Il s'en va mourir; He dies with despair:
Donnons y remède, Let's give him redress,
Allons la querir. 12 And go find out the fair. 12

* The translator proposed to turn this ode with all imaginable exactness, and he hopes he has been pretty just to Malherbe; only in the sixth line he has made a small edition of these three words, *as they say*, which he thinks is excusable, if we consider the French poet there talks a little too familiarly of the king's passion, as if the king himself had owned it to him. The translator thinks it more mannerly and respectful in Malherbe to pretend to have the account of it only by hearsay. King.

† Lewis XIV.

TRANSLATION FROM TASSO.

CANTO III, ST. 31.

So when bold mariners, whom hopes of ore
 Have urg'd to seek some unfrequented shore,
 The sea grown high and pole unknown, do find
 How false is ev'ry wave and treach'rous ev'ry wind, 4
 If wish'd for land some happier sight describes,
 Distant buzzas, saluting clamours, rise,
 Each strives to shew his mate th' approaching bay,
 Forgets past danger and the tedious way. 8

FROM HESIOD.

WHEN Saturn reign'd in heav'n his subjects here
 Array'd with godly virtues did appear;
 Care, Pain, Old Age, and Grief, were banish'd far,
 With all the dread of laws and doubtful war;
 But cheerful friendship, mix'd with innocence,
 Feasted their understanding and their sense; 6
 Nature abounded with unenvy'd store,
 Till their discreetest wits could ask no more;
 And when by Fate they came to breathe their last
 Dissolv'd in sleep their flitting vitals past,
 Then to much happier mansions they remov'd,
 There prais'd their God, and were by him belov'd. 12

CONTENTS:

Page

MISCELLANIES.

Preface to The Frumentary,	5
The Frumentary, in Three Cantos,	7—14
Mully of Mountown,	15
Orpheus and Eurydice,	19
Britain's Palladium,	35
Preface to The Eagle and the Robin,	44
The Eagle and the Robin,	46
Robin Redbreast, with the Beasts,	55
Bibliotheca,	61
The Last Billet,	118
The Mad Lover,	ib.
The Soldier's Wedding,	119
The Old Cheefe,	121
The Skillet,	123
The Fisherman,	125
The Constable,	127
The Beggar Woman,	128
The Vestry,	130
The Monarch,	134
The Garden Plot,	134
The Art of making Puddings,	135
Receipt to make Sackposset,	138
Applepie,	139
Upon a Giant's angling,	142
Upon Marlborough House at Woodstock,	ib.
A Case of Conscience,	143
Little Mouths,	145
Hold Fast Below,	146
Just as you Please,	147
Ulysses and Tiresias,	150
Thame and Isis,	151



	Page
Nero, a Satire,	152
Indian Ode,	153
Advice to Horace,	154
Of Dreams,	156
I waked Speaking, &c.	ib.
To the Duke of Beaufort,	ib.
Verses found in the Author's Pocket,	157
EPISTLES.	
To the late Earl of ———.	158
To Mr. Carter,	159
To Mr. Goddard,	160
Ad Amicum,	162
The same attempted in English,	ib.
A Gentleman to his Wife,	163
A Letter from France,	ib.
SONGS.	
Song, "You say you love," &c.	170
Song. To Cælia,	171
EPIGRAMS.	
Epigram, "Who could believe," &c.	172
Ditto, "Sam Wills," &c.	ib.
IMITATIONS.	
Rufinus, or, The Favourite, from Claudian,	173
The Stumblingblock, from Rufinus,	185
To Laura, from Petrarch,	188
TRANSLATIONS.	
An incomparable Ode of Malherbe's,	189
Translation from Tasso,	190
Ditto from Hesiod,	ib.

From the APOLLO PRESS,
by the MARTINS,
Octr. 13. 1781.



age

152

153

154

156

ib.

ib.

157

158

159

160

162

ib.

163

ib.

170

171

172

ib.

173

185

188

189

190

ib.